Saturday Night

May 30, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

As we renew our pledge of allegiance to young Queen Elizabeth on the eve of her Coronation, we feel the surge of the excitement that will reach a roaring climax in London next Tuesday, and our eyes already are dazzled by the pageantry and symbolism of the great event.

It will be, simply, the crowning of a Queen. The pomp and the ritual will be those of other ages, of years that have long crumbled into dusty records; tradition will snatch only a few hours from a time of racing change. Yet those few hours will remain firm in history, not only because they will be a distillation of the thousand years that have gone before, but because for many millions of people they give meaning and continuity to the years ahead.

In an age when one throne after another has been swept away by a tidal flow of revolution, the British Monarchy is more solidly established than ever before. The face of Britain has been changed, its society re-moulded, its Empire grown into a Commonwealth of Nations, its wealth dispersed in wars it did not seek. But the Crown has remained, a catalyst and an amalgam for the diverse loyalties of a quarter of the

Baron from Miller

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II.

Enthroned

IN THE HEARTS OF CANADIANS

Her Majesty's love and devotion as a wife and mother—her charm and grace as a woman—her dignity as a queen—have enthroned her in the affectionate loyalty of Canadians. She is a Sovereign who reigns not only in state and country but in the loving hearts of millions.

Published in respectful tribute to Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II, by

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world's population.

Those who have worn the Crown have won loyalty and affection for themselves as people, and they have done much to add lustre to the institution of Monarchy by their devotion to onerous duties. But their conduct has been part of a continuing story, for they realize, better than anyone else perhaps, that the Throne is the enduring anchor that holds many a ship of state in safe harbor. Its permanence is cherished in the midst of change.

The young woman who is now Elizabeth II had this knowledge at an early age. Many of those who will watch her during the Coronation proceedings on Tuesday heard her speak to the children of the world not so many years ago, when she was a child herself. She spoke from a burning city, where the bombers came at dusk and stayed till dawn, and her words were of courage and hope. She knew then that she was born to much more than royal robes and jewels; she knew that she was being dedicated to a trust in the hearts of a great congregation of free men. The Coronation is the ritual of that dedication.

Sound Waves and Age

A RESEARCH worker at Wayne University, Detroit, claims he has discovered a way to age whisky quickly and "adequately" by subjecting it to sound waves. His announcement has not created any great stir of excitement, possibly because people have been making similar claims, in one way or another, ever since the first tippler found a source of supply. Perhaps a more fruitful work for the Detroiter would have been a study of the effect of whisky on sound waves—a sort of assessment of the vibrations that are set up by whisky aging inside a consumer.

Ceremonial Authority

A CORONATION is not only a magnificent spectacle; it is a tremendous job of planning. Much of the planning for next Tuesday's ceremonies has been done by the Coronation Commission, of which the Duke of Edinburgh is chairman, and which includes 36 representatives of Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Pakistan and Ceylon (India acknowledges Elizabeth as Queen but is a republic within the Commonwealth, and has no representative on the Commission).

The man responsible for the details is the deputy chairman of the Commission, the Earl Marshal of England, His Grace the Duke of Norfolk—or to give him his full title, Bernard Marmaduke FitzAlan-Howard, KG, PC, GCVO, Earl of Arundel, Baron Maltravers, Earl of Surrey, Baron Fitzalan, Clun and Oswaldestre, Earl of Norfolk, Baron Herries (UK), Earl Marshal and Hereditary Marshal and Chief Butler of England, Premier Duke and Earl.

He is head of the College of Arms and of the Kings-of-Arms, Heralds and Pursuivants, and is responsible for the detailed arrangements for all ceremonial occasions—a job he has been doing with unruffled precision since 1935, when he was 27 years of age. With as few words as possible, he has been working with the police on security plans, with the heads of the Armed Services on military arrangements, with the Constable of the Tower of London on the handling of the Crown Jewels; he has had to lay down rules for the allocation of tickets for the Abbey ceremony, for the order of invitation, of placing in the processions, and of seating in the Abbey; he has had to check the timing of the whole ceremonial—where and when contingents and individuals are to meet and move.

The Earl Marshal's experience was needed at sessions of the Court of Claims, a tribunal which has met, ever since the accession of Richard II in 1377, to consider claims to perform certain services for the Sovereign. The Court met in the Privy Council office in Whitehall, with either the Lord Chief Justice or Lord Chancellor presiding. The claim from the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey was: "To instruct the Queen in the Rites and Ceremonies and to assist the Archbishop of Canterbury." Another claim was: "To carry the Royal Standard of Scotland as Hereditary Royal Standard Bearer for Scotland." All claims are based on ancestry or precedent.

The Earl Marshal's annual salary for these duties is £20. He is a rich man, and pays 19s 6d in every £1 in income tax. So for this year's work on royal ceremonies, he will earn, after taxes, $1.40.

Elliott & Fry

DUKE OF NORFOLK: Earl Marshal of England.

Galley Recipes

SOMETHING of a stir has been caused in the United States by a former sailor who wrote to the U.S. Navy asking for galley recipes, because he "misses the old Navy chow." Various commentators have discussed the request, and most of them have decided that it proves what Army men have long suspected: sailors are pampered creatures who live in a floating world of good food.

We cannot agree. We believe the former gob will find that galley recipes lose their savor when used in landlubber cooking, because an essential ingredient will be missing. When he relished Navy food, it was seasoned with sea air, and if he is not to be disillusioned, he must find a way of recovering that seasoning.

The Attlee Speech

MUCH OF WHAT Clement Attlee, the leader of the British Labor party, told the House of Commons about the handling of foreign policy by the United States has been said before by distinguished citizens of the U.S. It was not so much what he said, as how he said it, that caused such a violent reaction among Americans of all classes and creeds. Mr. Attlee's intentions undoubtedly were good, but the results were bad. If his speech had been drafted in the Kremlin, it could not have done more to disturb friendly relations between the United States and Britain.

Mr. Attlee could have criticized American foreign policy as much as he liked without drawing more than a few snorts from the touchier defenders of that policy. But he went outside foreign policy to whack at the American system of government and the Constitution of the United States. Even as insular a person as Mr. Attlee must have known that Americans are as sensitive to criticism of these things as the British are to sneering remarks about the Crown.

Besides enraging the Americans, the Attlee speech probably has had the effect of hardening their opinions. Many of them have echoed the comment of Senator William F. Knowland, chairman of the Senate Republican Policy Committee. After asserting that both Churchill and Attlee had, in effect, told the United States "that if we do not accept their advice and the Chinese Communists persist in the war we must be prepared to go it alone," Senator Knowland grimly added: "So be it."

Source of Energy

WHEN SCIENTISTS find out how plants change light into energy, they will have achieved something far more important than splitting the atom.

Even at the present rate of consumption, coal and oil will become rare commodities in many areas during the next fifty years. Atomic energy probably will be used to provide heat and power, but the supply of fissionable material is limited, too. Sooner or later, the world will run out of uranium, and the other metallic keys to the atomic treasury.

There is one source of energy which not only is available to all mankind, but will last as long as the earth is habitable. That source is the sun. Plants know how to trap solar energy, but man has never learned the trick of it. Indeed, he has not bothered much about it, until recently. Now he is beginning to go back to the plants for instruction.

Juggling the Channels

DAVIDSON DUNTON, Chairman of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's Board of Governors, is an agile and persuasive young man; at least, his performances before parliamentary committees have been remarkable for their agility, and it has been apparent for some time that he can put segments of the Federal Cabinet into deep trances when he exerts his powers of persuasion.

We find it difficult to believe, however, that even Mr. Dunton, with all his considerable gifts, would be able to justify or get official approval of such a bit of hanky-panky as was rumored to be underway last week. According to the report, some very slick juggling of television frequencies is being planned, the purpose being to take away from Toronto two of the three TV channels assigned to it by international treaty. The third channel, of course, is used by CBLT; if the other two were removed, the CBC station would have no Canadian competition whatever.

Under the treaty, VHF channels 6, 9 and 11 have been assigned to Toronto. The VHF (Very High Frequency) channels go from 1 to 13, and are needed to give proper coverage of great metropolitan areas. For smaller areas, there are UHF (Ultra High Frequency) channels, which start above 13; because of the number of frequencies available and the way the same channel can be used in many parts of the same country, UHF stations can be multiplied to the point where they will be more numerous than radio stations are today. In the United States, for example, there are 139 VHF and 28 UHF stations in operation at present,

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and construction permits have been approved for 115 new VHF and 218 UHF stations.

According to last week's report, an effort will be made to give Toronto's Channel 6 to Kitchener (a similar attempt was frustrated just a short time ago) and Channel 11 to Kingston. There is no technical reason for such switches. The same treaty that gave to Toronto the three VHF channels that it needs, gave to Kitchener UHF channel 45 and to Kingston UHF channels 24 and 44. The suggested change would put metropolitan Toronto on the same footing as Kitchener and Kingston—an odd arrangement, if population is to be any guide to service. Also, a VHF station in Kingston would rob Ottawa of a channel. Because of the distance between them, Toronto and Ottawa both could use one frequency, but with a station on that frequency halfway between them, both would lose.

If such a change is being proposed by the CBC, there can be only one reason for it: elimination of any possibility of competition, Canadian competition. At present, American television stations have grabbed more than 75 per cent of the audience in and about Toronto. CBC officials must shudder when they look ahead to the time when competition will become much more severe—because, sooner or later, unless the CBC manages by some sort of trickery to dispose of them or keep them idle until reassigned by international agreement, channels 6 and 11 must be used. And they must be given to private enterprises; absorption by the CBC of all three frequencies would be incredible.

We hope there is nothing to the report, but we fear it may have some grain of truth in it. The CBC is never happy about competition, because when it has to battle for audiences it seldom manages to win. It can do nothing about the American stations, but it tries to do a great deal to preserve its Canadian monopoly. The Toronto - Kitchener - Kingston juggle would certainly strengthen that monopoly. It would also be barefaced robbery.

The Rites of Spring

IT IS about this time of the year that the first fine enthusiasm of the suburban gardener begins to wilt. The dandelions in the lawn have won their yearly battle against mower and hoe; the heady wine of spring is down to the dregs; the good earth is dirt again; and what started out as a noble project has become a chore.

Part of the blame for this annual condition must go to Spring itself. After the greyness of winter in a built-up area, the first deceptively lush days of Spring, when the air has the smell of fertility in it, stir the primitive instinct which urges man to turn the soil and plant seeds. The rites hold their wonder until the growing things elbow their way into the light. Then the sun gets hotter, insects multiply, weeds flourish, and joy dies because Spring has promised too much.

Some of the blame, however, can be put on the people who write columns on gardening. These writers make a fetish of under-statement, which is an admirable literary quality, but not when gardening is the subject. More forceful prose is needed to warn the unwary against the dangers that lurk in gardens.

Just the other day we read the following statements in the one column: "Stepping on a rake left lying on the ground, the handle is apt to be thrown up in great force against the head or face"; "a poke in the eye if one stoops too quickly among pruned shrubs or staked plants is not the best thing to have happen"; "young plants should be protected from insects almost as soon as they appear." Anyone who has tended a garden knows that a rake handle *always* finds its mark with merciless accuracy, that shrubs and plants *always* show a devilish desire to impale the eyeballs of the people who care for them, and that young plants appear to go out of their way to invite destruction.

Subway Stamps

GEORGE HEES, Toronto-Broadview's Progressive Conservative MP, has asked the Post Office Department to issue special postage stamps to commemorate the opening next December of the subway now being dug in Toronto. No special stamp dealing with an event in Toronto had ever been issued, he said, and "I can think of no more fitting occasion."

We think it is an excellent suggestion. The stamp could form a series with those which have been issued recently, picturing various denizens of the Canadian wilds. Anyone who has lived through subway adventure in other cities will agree that there is nothing wilder than a subterranean traveller during the rush hour.

Queen's Escort

PRECEDING the Queen's coach in next Tuesday's Coronation procession will be four officers from the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery. They will handle their mounts with firm, impassive skill—but just four months ago only one of them had done any appreciable amount of riding. When Canada was asked to provide a detachment of the Queen's Escort, it created a bit of a problem for the military authorities. No officers were available with sufficient riding experience to fit them for such a gruelling parade as the Coronation procession.

Finally, Lt.-Col. E. G. Brooks, DSO, OBE, of Montreal, commanding officer of the 2nd Regiment, RCHA, was asked to form the escort from officers of his unit who had served with him in Korea. The Mounted Police offered to supply the horses and train the riders. Col. Brooks had ridden, when he was a student at Royal Military College, but the others had done most of their riding on merry-go-rounds, when they were children.

For the first month they trained in Winnipeg, stressing physical fitness, to put them in condition for the 14 hours they will be required to spend in the saddle on Coronation Day. Lt. D. R. Foster, of Assiniboia, Sask., lost 26 pounds during that month. In March, they went to Ottawa and were introduced to the horses they will be riding on Tuesday. By May 1, when they went aboard the ship that took them to England, they had mastered the most difficult obstacle courses the Mounties have at Rockcliffe.

National Defence

QUEEN'S ESCORT: Skilled riders now.

In England, Col. Brooks and his team have been stationed at Knightsbridge, where they have been continuing their training with the rest of the escort from the other countries of the Commonwealth. Besides Col. Brooks, the men on the team are Major J. S. Orton, MBE, MC, of Ottawa and Vancouver; Lt. H. E. Pepler, of Oakville; Lt. H. A. McLellan, of Sarnia; and Lt. Foster, who is an alternate rider in case of sickness or injury to one of the others.

The New Woman

WE HOPE that Mrs. Ellen Fairclough, of Hamilton West, wins re-election to the House of Commons; or, if she fails, that some more successful candidate will take up her struggle to have Parliament pass a law to give women the same rates of pay as men "for similar or comparable work."

Ontario recognized the justice of the principle of "same work, same pay" two years ago; and spokesmen for organized labor have upheld it with much eloquence. Its full benefits, however, will not be apparent until it is in force all across the country, when men will be able to look at the situation clearly and not through a haze of romantic nonsense.

With women on an equal economic footing with men, we can finally dispose of the legend that the female of the human species is a fragile thing, to be protected and pampered by both written and unwritten codes of conduct. The New Woman can earn her own living, just as she can buy her own flowers, pay for her own dinners, and open her own doors. Of course, there may be a few old-fashioned females who think the way writer Robert Ruark does—that "they had a wonderful racket, and they loused it up." But we hope there are not too many of this type; they only stand in the way of a bright new world for the men-folk.

Coronation Cheers

CORONATION cheers may be a bit of a problem for literary gents. The Ottawa *Journal* started it by announcing: "We are to be excessively cautious about our Coronation cheering since we learned that 'Hooray' is a corruption of a Turkish war cry meaning 'Kill them all.'" The Peterborough *Examiner* promptly went to the Concise Oxford Dictionary, and found that Hurrah and Huzza are "literary and dignified," but Hooray and Hurray mean the same thing. The COD suggests the word derives from a Cossack cry "Ura!" which has been used as a name for a Cossack attack.

The Cossacks and the Turks have had their troubles in the past (who has not heard the ballad of Abdul the Bul-bul Ameer?) and it could be that their war cries got tangled. The *Examiner* suggests that a cry it attributes to the U.S. Marines, "Double peachy!" would be appropriate, but we cannot agree. We would be looking over our shoulder constantly, expecting someone to run up with a dish of ice cream. It is a pity this matter was not brought up for discussion earlier. At this stage, we shall probably have to get along with what we have in the way of cheers.

Letters

Majorities and Debate

YOU MENTIONED something in a recent editorial about majority rule . . . Do you honestly think that we have majority rule now?

Our governments are seldom majority governments; even if they get the biggest percentage of the vote in a two-party fight (which rarely happens) that percentage is only based on those who go to the polls. In any case, we do not select the candidates; they are selected for us by party associations.

Our laws are made, for the most part by vocal minorities. Our liquor laws are completely absurd, but they are not made more sensible because our governments are intimidated by a few "dry" fanatics. The same applies to our divorce laws, our narcotics laws, our civic regulations . . .

There is no such thing as majority rule. There are such things as active minorities and abject majorities.

Toronto WILLIAM MATHIESON

JUDGING by your leading editorial in the May 16 issue, you appear to have an odd conception of how Parliament should operate. Your idea seems to be that Members of Parliament should all be completely independent and they should all have something to say in all the debates that take place in the House. If this came to pass, do you think Parliament would ever get anything accomplished? How would any work get done in such a bedlam?

Toronto CARL WATKINS

. . . IT IS much better that most of the Members of Parliament keep quiet when the few who know what they are talking about are engaging in parliamentary debate . . . There is nothing so painful to listen to as some nondescript representative trying to make a speech in the Commons . . . To have these members take part in debate would be tantamount to writing the death warrant of democracy.

Ottawa STANLEY HENDERSON

Misconceptions

I HAVE BEEN watching the controversy in your columns over the Crown with some interest, but its attackers have seemed to me to be trading on two fundamental misconceptions which I should like to point out.

The first is that a republic is necessarily a better, more glorious type of government than a constitutional monarchy. How many democratic republics can Mr. Livingston name, which have been successful for twenty years? Once you have named Switzerland, France and the United States, how many more are there? Yet of these, the first is small, the second is not uniformly successful, and the third has only recently begun to concern itself with affairs other than domestic.

The second misconception is that the crown means nothing to Canada. Historically, at least, that is completely untrue. The crown played an important, honorable role in the evolution of Canada. To take one example, would Confederation have been possible without the common loyalties of the provinces to the crown? Could Newfoundland have become a province in 1950, if Canada were a republic? Without the crown, could Canada have become the unique example of a nation which evolved peacefully to self-government in an age of revolution?

Guelph J. A. S. EVANS

Sinclair's Bagpipes

LISTER SINCLAIR does not do justice to the bagpipes in his article (May 16) . . . It is far from true that "you can produce more effect with less talent on a bagpipe than on any other instrument, except perhaps the triangle." It is far too noble an instrument for his cheap sneers. No other instrument can produce such manly emotions in the listener . . . Troops that are led into battle by pipers are invincible . . .

Halifax COLIN McGILLIVRAY

WHY SO MUCH space to bagpipes? . . . It is not music at all. I recall the words a friend of mine always used when he was forced to refer to them: agony bags.

Saint John PATRICK DONOVAN

I WOULD dearly love to see a picture of Lister Sinclair playing his bagpipes . . .

Toronto RITA DOYLE

Damaged Cars

ON THREE consecutive days in downtown Toronto my car has been damaged by careless drivers whose knowledge of how to park must be nil, or they have absolutely no respect for any other property. A headlamp, a tail light and a parking lamp were smashed by drivers of other cars backing hard into mine. One sees this sort of thing happening all over Toronto. Recourse to law is a lengthy and costly business and a time waster. The only solution I can think of at the moment is to buy myself a tank and see if car-busters can damage that!

Toronto MILLY IRWIN

Mental Decay

DURING Mental Health Week, we heard a great deal about the need for hospitals, for more funds, for more help. That is the way with all these weeks—ultimately the people who organize them get around to the "gimme" stage.

It is time we faced the fact that, if we continue our present way of living, it will not be long before the hospitals will be needed to house the few sane people left. Indeed, it may be that there are more insane than sane people in our cities right now. No person can whirl faster and faster in one orbit without losing all his wits —and that is what is happening. We travel faster, we eat faster, we read faster, we work faster—for what, nobody knows. But the result is obvious: increasing mental and nervous decay.

Winnipeg THOMAS RADFORD

The Finer Things

YOU SEEM to have a dislike for Culture—at least you deride honest efforts to give Canada a decent culture. You have sneered at the Massey Report, and now you scorn plans for a Canada Council . . . You seem to think that culture comes, not from intelligent, well-educated people who have an appreciation of the finer things of life, but from the drugstore cowboys, the popcorn munchers in movies, and the hotdog and hamburger set . . .

If you convert many people to your way of thinking, there never will be a Canadian culture . . .

Vancouver FRIEDA JOHNSON

AT LAST we have someone who is not intimidated by the self-appointed intelligentsia, someone who can recognize that there is a big difference between the honest life of a working nation and the dishonest posings of a small collection of hot-house longhairs who would collapse at the prospect of a real day's work or who would perish before the clean cold wind of reality . . .

How true it is that culture cannot be grafted on to a stem, but must establish its own root system in the good earth.

Winnipeg DAVID ANDERSON

Murderer's Row

I QUITE AGREE that hanging should be abolished. I do not agree that we should get all soft and sentimental over killers. But there is a much better use for murderers . . .

Scientists have been making great strides in their struggle against disease. To pursue their researches, they must experiment on dogs, cats and other animals—living things that never harmed anyone. After they have finished with the animals, they often must test the serums, drugs and other things, on humans—sometimes themselves, sometimes other volunteers. Why not hand convicted murderers over to the scientists for experimental purposes?

Hamilton FRANK JONES

I WAS VERY interested to read "$16,000 sob story" on "The Front Page" of your issue of May 9, and of course, I thoroughly agree with your comment.

In the same category are the various sentimental groups who are agitating for the abolition of capital punishment and the lash, for murder and violence.

The victims seem never to be considered by these idealists.

Winnipeg R. S. HOOTON

THOSE who defend capital punishment with so much self-righteous talk about "removing menaces to society" should attend a hanging—just one, that would be enough. They would change their opinion the moment that the rope was put around the murderer's neck . . .

Ottawa J. S. GARDINER

Color Problems

SOME TIME AGO you had an article by Dr. Malan, Prime Minister of South Africa. Some time later, there was an article by Willson Woodside, which was quite critical of Dr. Malan's policies. The criticism is the same as that carried in most Canadian publications . . .

It is all very well to talk about equal rights and so on, but it is easy for us here to take a "holier than thou" attitude. We are not a small group of whites surrounded by millions of primitive blacks. The white people in South Africa have a fight for survival on their hands. It is one thing to criticize Malan; it is another thing to come up with a policy to fit the facts of life in South Africa.

For that matter, we should not point the finger of scorn at Malan until we have wiped out our own racial prejudices. In how many places in Canada are black people not welcome?

Montreal ANDRE DUBOIS

Of Many Things

MEMBERS of the Canadian government have been telling us for some time that they are going to build the St. Lawrence Seaway whether the U.S. joins in the effort or not. They keep on saying this, interminably . . . Fine, but when are they going to get started?

Rochester, NY LAURENCE S. FROST

IN A recent issue of SATURDAY NIGHT there appeared a letter from a Doctor Brown of Victoria, BC, critizing an article by Bruce Hutchinson. I have read many times that Sir John A. MacDonald was fond of his liquor, and it is generally conceded that Mackenzie King knew more about politics than statesmanship.

Hanover, Ont. WALTER BEAMISH

WHAT A triumphant article on Universities A. R. M. Lower has given in the April 25 issue. For God's sake continue to coax him to go on bufeting our minds in his waves of discussion. There's the case for freedom in teaching notably and knowingly displayed.

Swift Current, Sask. G. C. THOMSON

JUST HAD my first glimpse of the much-trumpeted 3-D products that seem to be getting Hollywood so excited. All I can say is it will be a good thing when it works both ways and the audience can throw things back.

Vancouver, BC GEORGE ROBERTSON

get out

and get

under

the sun

in a

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Coronation Preview: Hour By Hour

By HARWOOD STEELE

NOW YOU are in London. Big Ben booms midnight. It is June 2, Coronation Day.

Three hours ago, the Coronation regalia was delivered by Major-General H. D. W. Sitwell, Keeper of the Jewel House, Tower of London, to Dr. A. C. Donn, Dean of Westminster, at the Abbey. Boy Scouts began erecting the last steel crush barriers. And the first of 16,000 police for the Processional routes went on duty, under Major P. R. Margetson and Henry Dalton (traffic).

June 2, a Commonwealth holiday, establishes "The Coronation Area", of five square miles around Buckingham Palace, with a signposted ring-road and through routes. Till after the crowning, this area is closed to private vehicles without special labels, hardship and emergency cases excepted.

Tubes (subways) shut from 1.30 to 3.00 a.m. but buses and taxis go on adding spectators to the crowded, echoing streets.

The Queen's lights are out in the Palace. Curb-squatters doze, munch sandwiches, nip a spot of tea.

Big Ben tolls four. Last-minute airport arrivals hurry into Town. Early seat-holders get up for fifty miles around. With workers who will serve them in London today, they snatch breakfast before joining long-distance travellers on train, tube and road.

Bugles sound "Reveille" and 37,000 of the armed forces turn out, with 47 bands. They hail from the whole Commonwealth. All are well trained for war as well as show. Most will furnish Guards of Honor, line the routes or march in processions, and will get the Coronation Medal.

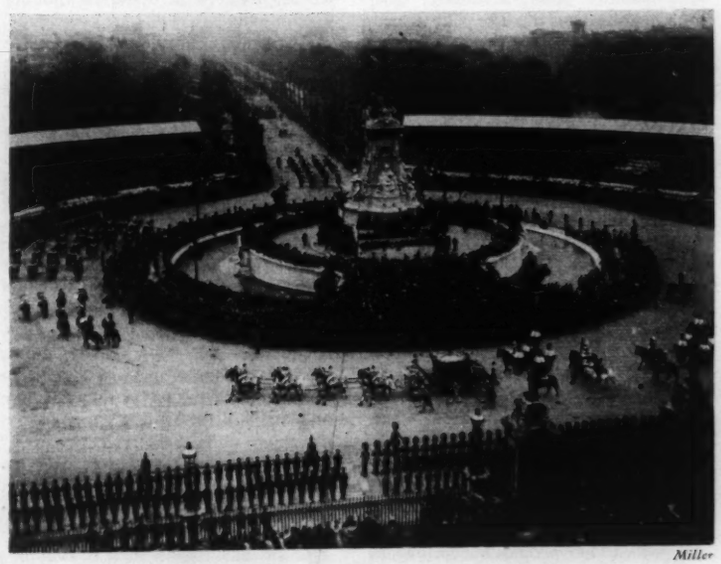
At five, the first police wave is relieved by the rest and 7,000 St. John Ambulance Brigade first-aiders, under Colonel Geoffrey Page, supported by the Red Cross Society and Women's Voluntary Services, man their posts (25 in the Abbey). These movements must end by seven.

By six, seat-holders between the Palace and the Abbey are settled, mostly in big official stands, their tickets costing $10 to $15 apiece, while 400 Gold Staff Officers (ushers and assistant marshals) are parading in the Abbey.

Excitement quickens around 6.15, when armed forces, with Colors and fixed bayonets, begin lining the routes. They total 15,800, about half from the United Kingdom. These men must help control the crowds—and fanatics hostile to the VIP's filling the processions. Unseen Special Branch men, under Chief Commissioner L. Burt, watch too.

Some of the 70 nine-foot wooden barriers near the routes are now closed by police. Seats on the first half of the return route, costing $35 to $120, with breakfast, lunch, tea and TV usually thrown in, must be filled by seven.

Abbey people are now on their way. There are twice as many overseas Commonwealth guests as in 1937. For the first time, there are also representatives of every walk of life. And Dress regulations are easier.



Miller

The 1937 Coronation procession moves into the Mall.

Peers and peeresses who won their ballot for Abbey places appear in ermine-trimmed robes of crimson velvet, the ladies with diamond tiaras, afternoon or evening dresses and veils. Officers in dress uniform blaze with orders and decorations. So do officials in Court dress with swords. Gaudily costumed Africans and Asians greet civilians in evening clothes, frock coats or lounge suits.

The Marquis of Bath and the Earl of Shrewsbury and Waterford rattle up in 18th Century State coaches.

Big Ben tolls eight. Thirty-three thousand London school children stand along Victoria Embankment. In the Abbey, signallers test special 'phone lines and three big studios and BBC television begin making sound films. Thousands of other cameras risk first shots outside. Four TV cameras stand in the Abbey, 14 more on the routes, with commentary points for 250 sound and TV commentators serving many networks in at least 41 languages. Only sound to ships and countries wanting it now is starting. The rest of the world will hear repeats at times that suit it.

Writers who, between them, cover the world's press take post, too. A few of the most influential have places in the Abbey.

By 8.30, the Palace-Abbey route is lined. A Guard of Honor from the Queen's Company, Grenadier Guards, waits at the Abbey; others, combining all three Services, at Abbey and Palace. And Abbey guests are packed in, all 7,600 of them.

Here comes the first procession, reaching the Abbey at 8.45. The red-coated City Marshal rides in front of an ornate, six-horse, 200-year-old State coach, served by 18th Century coachmen and footmen and carrying the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Rupert De La Bere, with the Lady Mayoress, Sword Bearer and Common Crier, all richly robed. Cheers pay tribute to Sir Rupert's popularity, more follow for youngsters failing to climb officially greased lamp-posts and for the cockaded street cleaner, carefully sweeping up behind the horses.

The car procession of certain members of the Royal Family, leaving the Palace at 8.40, reaches the Abbey at 8.55. Ten minutes behind it rolls the great car procession of royal and other representatives of foreign States, mustering 70 to 80 sleek automobiles, each with a distinctive flag. They assemble at little old St. James's Palace (Royal before Columbus reached America), then sweep on to the Abbey.

At 9.15, a quarter-hour after seat-holders on the main (Oxford and Regent Streets) section of the return route must be placed, carriages with the Queen of Tonga and seven Sultans heading British-protected States leave Buckingham Palace. Ten more follow in the carriage procession of Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth, representing its self-governing nations.

Some of the coachmen, postillions and footmen in Royal scarlet and gold are amateurs, some of the horses from breweries; five carriages are from Sir Alexander Korda's film studios. But they match the rest, from the Royal Mews (stables). All but India have well-horsed escorts. Blue-clad Metropolitan (London) Police for the United Kingdom, Northern Ireland, protected States and Ceylon, soldiers in service dress for New Zealand, khaki police for Southern Rhodesia and South Africa, Australian Light Horse, also in khaki, their slouch hats plumed with emu feathers, red-coated Royal Canadian Mounted Police, President's Body Guard (India) and Governor-General's Body Guard (Pakistan).

The procession of the Speaker of the House of Commons, in the day's oldest State coach (said to have been Queen Anne's), reaches the Abbey at 9.30. Then comes the carriage procession of the Princes and Princesses of the Blood Royal, from the Palace at 9.40 to the Abbey by 10.14, with a Captain's Escort without Standard, 34 strong, from the Household Cavalry (the Life Guards or Blues). Warmer even than theirs is the reception given Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, leaving Clarence House at 10 and reaching the Abbey at 10.32, between a Captain's Escort with Standard, 60 strong, again from Household Cavalry.

SUDDENLY the tension breaks, beginning in the Palace forecourt with the now familiar orders, flash and crash of arms, and bands and cheers shaking all London. And out she comes, on the Coronation route followed by all Sovereigns for 115 years.

Framed, in the Mall, by four golden arches rising 85 feet high and moving between bright banners, plane trees and tremendous stands, this strictly personal procession of 1,600 is led by a great block of black and scarlet tipped with steel. A thousand Foot Guards with their bands replace the gay Hussars, Dragoons and Lancers who led past processions.

Behind them ride the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, in traditional busbies and blue jackets, with their guns. Next come gaily uniformed mounted chaplains, physicians, surgeons, Aides and Service heads. Yeomen of the Guard (beefeaters) armed and dressed as in 1485; the Queen's Bargemaster and Watermen are followed by the mounted band of the Blues, in jockey caps and golden liveries, the skewbald drum-horse strutting his best. They head two divisions of the Sovereign's Escort, 116 strong, of Household Cavalry, on black horses, cuirasses gleaming, plumes dancing.

General J. A. Gascoigne, Deputy Commander of Coronation Troops, and Sir Harold Scott, London's Police head, ride next.

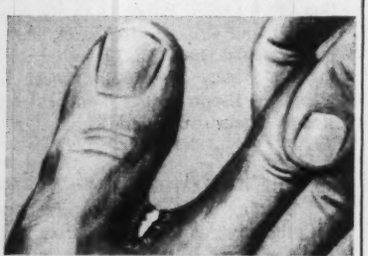
And then the Queen.

Eight greys, in George IV's $240,000 harness, with jockey-capped postillions and attendants in that Royal red and gold, draw the State coach. This "four-ton allegory of British sea-power", built in 1762, was

ATHLETE'S FOOT

What it is
How you get it
How to get relief

Athlete's Foot is caused by parasitic micro-organisms. Left untreated, it can burrow under skin tissue, attack nerve endings, lead to disability. Severe case shown here requires doctor's care.



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For relief of Athlete's Foot symptoms, use Absorbine Jr. daily. Cool, soothing Absorbine Jr. kills all the Athlete's Foot fungi it can reach. Promotes healing of skin. To prevent re-infection, boil socks; don't share towels.

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entirely rebuilt (for $30,000) this year.

The Queen, in jewelled diadem, traditional Cap of Estate and crimson velvet robe trimmed with best Canadian ermine, sits here with the Duke of Edinburgh, in Admiral's blue and gold.

The procession closes with Field Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke, Commanding Coronation Troops, the Royal Standard (borne by the Queen's Champion), Aides like the Duke of Gloucester, the Earl of Mountbatten, and General H. D. Crerar of Canada, then two divisions of the Sovereign's Escort.

EXACTLY as Big Ben booms 11, she enters the specially built Abbey Annexe, under Royal and Commonwealth Arms, guarded by 10 huge, quaint Queen's Beasts, J. W. Woodford's heraldic animals.

Past and present greats of the Commonwealth are waiting in the Abbey itself (Coronation church for nearly a thousand years), in tombs and monuments to the mighty dead, in the Abbey Procession and among the guests.

At 11:15, the Queen, with her six young Maids of Honor, joins the Procession. Westminster School boys shout a welcome in the ceremony's only Latin, their privilege from at least 12 Coronations. Fifteen silver State trumpets sound a fanfare. The congregation rises. The 400-voice choir from the Chapels Royal, the Abbey and other Commonwealth sources, Dr. W. McKie's great organ and an orchestra of 60 are well into their elaborate program. Now Sir Arthur Bliss's "Processional" accompanies the Queen, high Church dignitaries and officers of State, Heralds, Regalia and Standard Bearers and Gentlemen-at-Arms through rich blue and gold to the Coronation Theatre.

High Commissioners carry the overseas Commonwealth Standards.

The service is a pre-Norman religious act, with only slight changes, approved by all Commonwealth governments.

First comes the Recognition, when the Archbishop of Canterbury presents the Sovereign to shouts of "God Save Queen Elizabeth" and the sound of trumpets.

Next, the Queen takes the Oath "to govern" her peoples "according to their respective laws and customs" and to maintain "the Protestant reformed religion." Self-governing Ceylon and Pakistan are mentioned, India omitted, for the first time.

Next the Queen receives a Holy Bible, from the Archbishop, jointly (again for the first time) with the Moderator of the Church of Scotland.

While the Communion Service, music and prayers go on, the Queen puts off worldly things (the Cap of Estate and velvet robe) and occupies St. Edward's Chair. Though buried for safety in the last war and stolen by Scottish Nationalists later, the Stone of Scone remains in this Chair, where Edward I placed it in 1297. Four Knights of the Garter hold a gold and silver brocaded canopy over the Queen.

Now the Archbishop anoints the Queen with consecrated oil from the gold Ampulla and Anointing Spoon, many centuries old.

Next, investing with the Regalia, copied for Charles II from originals destroyed by Cromwell, excepting the $18,000 jewelled Sovereign's Sword made for George IV, and with new Stole and Robe of cloth of gold on traditional lines. The Lord Great Chamberlain presents St. George's golden spurs for knighthood and chivalry. The Queen accepts the protective Sword and lays it on the Altar. The Dean of Westminster and Lord Great Chamberlain help her put on the Armills (Bracelets, now re-introduced after long disuse), the Stole and Robe, with various queenly qualities. The Archbishop bestows the Orb with Cross (meaning the world under Christ), the Ring (for dignity under God), the Sceptre with the Cross (for queenly power and justice), the Rod with the Dove (for equity and mercy).

At 12:30, with a prayer for regal grace and virtues, the Archbishop crowns the Queen with St. Edward's Crown.

To shouts of "God Save the Queen!", all bearing coronets put them on, trumpets sound, drums beat and "the great guns at the Tower are shot off" (62 rounds) by the Honourable Artillery Company, father of the one in Massachusetts. Royal Horse Artillery in Hyde Park and Royal Artillery at Windsor thunder 41-gun salutes.

After the Benediction and Enthroning comes the Homage, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, followed by the Duke of Edinburgh and other representative peers, kneeling before the Queen, swearing loyalty and kissing her hand. Except when the Queen placed the Sword on the Altar, this is the most human moment.

The Homage Anthem, by Canadian-born Dr. Healey Willan, is the first Coronation work of an overseas composer.

After it, drums beat, trumpets sound and the congregation shouts again, Communion follows for Queen and Duke, a prayer is said for him and Sir William Walton's tremendous *Te Deum* ends the service.

It has lasted 2½ hours, as compared with 3¼ for George VI and 5 for Victoria.

BIG BEN'S 1:45 p.m. is swamped in sudden martial music as the head of the Return Procession marches off from Storey's Gate, near the Abbey.

As usual, it is limited to Commonwealth forces, all arms, corps and branches of the Services parading a few members each. Yet it totals 10,000, in six groups each led by four massed bands, and is followed by the Queen and the Royal Carriage Processions, with those who brought them to the Abbey.

After bands, come 400 Colonials of many races, in traditional blue or khaki, from about 40 far-scattered British possessions. Malayans and Fiji soldiers who have shared their jungle war against Communism swing along with Kenya police recently fighting Mau Mau. Native naval men from East Africa, Hong Kong, Malaya, Mauritius and Sierra Leon, dressed, like all sailors on parade today, in blue, with white caps, belts and gaiters, bring up the rear.

India's brilliant warriors are not here, this time. But the self-governing block has Southern Rhodesia, with khaki soldiers and police, Ceylon and Pakistan with these and sailors too. South Africa produces 179 police, air force (in the grey-blue of all Commonwealth fliers), soldiers and sailors. New Zealand has 175, chosen, arranged and uniformed much like those ahead of them, but including five veterans from every unit in Korea and a holder of the Victoria Cross, the Commonwealth's highest bravery award.

Australia's 250 have a breakdown and arrangement like New Zealand's, with five V.C.'s and many Korean veterans.

CANADA'S 400 are regulars of the three services, with some women and many Korean veterans and paratroopers. With them ride Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

The United Kingdom group begins with the Royal Air Force, 2,000 strong, headed and closed by its own bands. It includes Women's Royal Air Force, reserves and auxiliaries. The solid and imposing British Army block, 4,400 strong not counting bands, is led by the Home Guard (spare-time veteran soldiers) in khaki battle-dress.

A great skirling and drumming announce the combined pipe-bands of Scots, Irish, Gurkha and Pakistani regiments. The Gurkhas, from Nepal, are now part of the British Army.

Parties from every Territorial (part-time) battalion of Britain's infantry regiments are followed by ranks of 10 regulars from each of 75 such regiments, carrying the Colours. Many are Korea veterans. This moving forest of about 120 beautiful silk flags, embroidered with victories gained all over the world, from 1660 down, by the oldest regiments on earth, forms a bright and stirring heart for this block. Now comes the band of the Life Guards, in scarlet, dismounted, leading technical and tank units, the Royal Armoured Corps (the old horse cavalry, here on foot) and a blue and scarlet clump of Household Cavalry.

At 4:30, the Queen is home again. Crowds pack the whole Mall, for her traditional balcony appearance. At exactly 5:15, she makes it, with her party, to an unbelievable roar of cheering, soon lost in the louder roar of the fly-past, and hundreds of the latest aircraft, manned by pilots from all over the Commonwealth, give a salute.

Around 6, the Queen withdraws, the crowds thin out, traffic becomes almost normal. An hour later, diners, with the great Savoy Ball and other dancing to follow, start everywhere, and theatres launch their Coronation Nights.

At 9, the Queen broadcasts her thanks.

At 10, all London flashes into a glory of floodlighting.

Half an hour later, the fireworks "Display of Nine Thousand Bangs" sets the South Bank ablaze.

Big Ben booms midnight.

Current Account

The Case For Private Television

IN AN ARTICLE published in this magazine last week, David A. Croll, Liberal Member of Parliament for Toronto Spadina, gave his Government's case for the present CBC Television policy. All of his arguments were well presented, some having the clarity of an hallucination while others were as misty and distorted as a ten-year-old television picture tube.

In his opening paragraph, Mr. Croll says, "Television must be neither for 'Culture Hounds' nor for 'Hucksters'. It is for us." And in the meaning of "us" lies the whole crux of the matter.

At first glance, "us" appeared to mean the Canadian people, but most of his arguments seemed to support the interpretation that he was speaking of the present Federal Government.

If he *was* referring to the people of Canada, he was only speaking for the 24 per cent of Canadians who, when questioned last November by the Gallup Poll, said they favored a CBC television monopoly. Of the remaining 76 per cent, 59 believed that private TV should be allowed in Canada, while 17 per cent who were questioned at the time had no opinions on the subject at all.

The CBC's television policy is a form of national economic hara-kiri, which cannot be made tolerable by specious arguments of the "This tastes bad, but it will do you good" school of benevolent paternalism. Every month that passes sees a loss to the Canadian economy of millions of dollars, due to the acquired myopia of the television powers-that-be, who are unable to see past their prejudices.

During 1952, the television industry in the U.S.A. added $3 billion to the American economy, as against only $850 million produced by the radio industry in that country. These figures represent total value of sets sold, television time and talent fees. In Canada, however, television added only $72 million to Canada's wealth as against $65 million for the radio industry. Up to the end of last year, there were 20 million television sets in use in the U.S.; there were only 200 thousand in Canada. This ratio is 1 to 100 between the two countries; economists and industrial engineers believe it should follow the usual rough pattern of 1 to 20.

Mr. Croll stated, "There is every reason to believe that through CBC even greater opportunities to our own (talent) will be opened in TV." This statement is not supported by facts. Much of our Canadian talent has already left the country to obtain employment in U.S. television. This exodus of TV technical and artistic ability is continuing and will continue; opening of private stations in smaller communities will not materially arrest it. Either Mr. Croll has a low opinion of the amount of Canadian talent, or he gives greater credit than they deserve to the six proposed CBC television outlets in their ability to utilize all the talent from a population of 15 million Canadians.

While the CBC employs some Canadian talent on its shows, the amount involved is tiny in comparison with what would be employed by scores of private TV stations. Although we pay lip service to the principle that we should keep Canadian talent in Canada, that talent will need far more outlets than are envisioned by the CBC to keep it here. Privately controlled television stations are willing and able to become these outlets now.

A great deal of the television talent is concentrated in the six cities mentioned as future CBC television areas, with most of it located in Toronto and Montreal. In order to supply private stations elsewhere with suitable programs, it is imperative that private stations in these cities be licensed. This is necessary, not only for the physical production of shows on film or kinescope for the outlying stations, but in order that shows will be sponsored by interested advertisers. No advertiser will be willing to sponsor shows in Moose Jaw, St. John and Fort William while he is cut off from such necessary markets as Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver.

The artistic and technical personnel of our TV outlets is but a small percentage of the potential labor force of the industry as a whole. Writers and composers will also benefit by an increase in outlets, while the chain reaction will reach back to all those who make a living by contributing to the entertainment business. Canadian advertising and allied professions will share in the increased business, the sponsors will benefit, and, indirectly, so will the Canadian Government, in increased revenue. The new interest aroused in this rapidly expanding entertainment medium will be a tremendous shot in the arm to Canadian manufacturers. There will be an unprecedented demand for receivers, installations and services, giving employment to thousands of Canadians in manufacturing, retailing, servicing, and all allied trades and businesses.

THIS increase in Canada's economic potential will be brought about without one cent of cost to the Canadian taxpayer, who has been pressed into the role of a reluctant sponsoring angel by the producers of the CBC-TV farce. Judging from its past experience with radio (which costs the Canadian taxpayer more than $12 million a year), the Government cannot expect that television will ever become a means of revenue. The CBC has gone on record as saying that it does not expect its television venture to become self-sustaining in less than five years, even with license fees added to commercial income. And this is an enthusiastic forecast when we remember that the CBC has never yet paid its own way with its radio networks.

Though the Government has successfully suppressed any desire it may have to curtail the daily and weekly press, it has shown no such reluctance in other fields of publishing, such as TV. Television, like radio and the printed word, is publishing, defined by the Oxford English Dictionary as: make generally known, noise abroad, announce formally, promulgate. Any Government harassment of this medium is tantamount to the suppression of publishing in Canada. Under a democratic system of society, publishing, or the dissemination of free ideas, cannot be curtailed without wide and disastrous repercussions.

A QUEER Alice-in-Wonderland situation is due to develop through the Government's policy of appropriating the 15 per cent excise tax on radio and television sets and tubes (estimated to total between $15 and $16 million a year), and giving it as a subsidy to the CBC. The radio set owner who lives hundreds of miles from the nearest TV transmitter, and the thousands of television set owners who habitually tune in American border TV stations, will strongly resent having to subsidize those televiewers who, because of geographical location, are forced to watch CBC-TV programs.

This taxation is discriminatory if a Windsor resident is charged, through the excise taxes he pays, for receiving an electrical impulse emanating from Detroit, or a native of London, Ont., for tuning in Cleveland, the Vancouverite for viewing a program from Seattle, and a native of Niagara Falls for watching programs that are paid for and produced in the U.S.A. and broadcast from Buffalo.

Besides this, the $15 million subsidy to the CBC must be expropriated from other Government receipts, and therefore will have to be replaced by a like sum taken from the Canadian people, through taxation.

The super-patriots in Ottawa have dusted off the old saw about "Americanization of our culture," and are twanging it loud and long in an effort to gain support for their monopolistic television policy. While they keep a weather eye peeled for American infiltration into the Canadian living room through non-existent private Canadian stations, hundreds of thousands of televiewers in Canadian border areas choose American programs every day in preference to the CBC, through the simple expedient of tuning in American TV stations.

We claim that it is much better for Canadians to view *some* American shows over a Canadian station than for 78.4 per cent of them to tune in American stations exclusively and watch 100 per cent American programs (the findings of an Elliot-Haynes television survey of Toronto and vicinity set owners during April). Private television, with its addition of varied fare, should reverse this trend,

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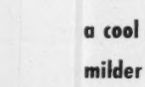

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and bring the audience back to Canadian stations and products, as was accomplished by private Canadian radio over the past twenty years.

Canadian advertisers are staying away from CBC-TV in droves. At the present time, many Canadian advertisers are sponsoring, on American border television stations, programs which are beamed into Canada. These advertisers would return to this country with their advertising of Canadian products if there was an alternative to the cavalier attitude of the CBC.

Advertisers and private television interests are not alone in their opposition to the present Government TV policy. There is a mounting criticism, both in the press and on the part of the man in the street, against the CBC's poor TV programming and its dog-in-the-manger attitude against granting private television broadcasting licenses. Even some of the press that is favorable to the Government is looking askance at the CBC retaining monopoly control of television in our chief cities, while allowing private enterprise to fight for the TV crumbs in outlying areas. The present criticism of Canadian television programs would be disseminated among both Government and private stations if private television broadcasting existed, while the cries of monopoly would no longer be valid if no monopoly existed.

Mr. Croll made the statement that commercial interests in Canada "want our invaluable TV channels thrown open to anyone who has the money to open a station." These channels are only invaluable while they are being used. It is true that they do not deteriorate with disuse as do radio wavelengths, due to the 250-mile separation between stations on the same channel, but it is conceivable that, if the present policy is continued much longer, U.S. television interests will make application to the U.S. Federal Communications Commission to have Canada's unused channels reassigned to American stations.

Out of three channels assigned to Toronto, only one is in current use; out of five given to Montreal, only one is being used at the present time. This, of course, applies also to the channels which have been assigned to other Canadian cities. It not only constitutes a slap in the face to channel-hungry TV interests in the northern U.S.A. who would like to use them, but may result in permanent loss to Canadian television, and consequently to the Canadian people.

Under our economic and political system we believe that competition is healthy; that it provides drive and incentive to the competitors, and dividends to the consumer through lower prices and better services. Private television will offer healthy competition to the CBC, and as a result the public will be better served. Joseph Sedgwick, in an article in this magazine on Feb. 28, 1953, said: "Such Canadians as have a choice prefer U.S. television, commercialism and all, to Canadian, cultural though it may be, and they prefer it by a ratio of about 4 to 1 . . . The net result of all this is that CBC has a monopoly all right, but only in the sense that it excludes *Canadian* competition; in the meantime it is giving a very real monopoly of a Canadian audience to the TV stations of Buffalo and nearby U.S."

The Government has shown commendable foresight in subsidizing industries and services which will be called upon to play an important part in any future war economy, but this foresight has stopped short before one of the most vital of all our industries in this age of electronic war: the television manufacturing industry.

Television manufacturing plants are potential war industries, which, with a minimum of conversion, can begin manufacture of radar, asdic, and other electronic weapons and devices. The curtailment of television manufacturing will mean a production bottleneck if war should be forced on this country in the near future.

The history of technological progress—and with it the raising of our standards of living and the extension of the modern adjuncts of civilized life—is something that cannot long be held back in a democracy. Electricity, the automobile, the aeroplane, are today taken for granted, but they too had a long fight against ignorance and reaction, finally overcoming them. Television is an important question today in Canada, not only to those who are anxious to install private television outlets, but to every Canadian. And, incidentally, the private interests are quite capable of financing their ventures, without asking one cent from the Canadian taxpayer.

Mr. Croll stated, "TV will inevitably become a prime source of entertainment. But we must also think of our children and the generations ahead."

Television is a potential prime source of entertainment now, and history has shown that there is little difference between the entertainment preferences of one generation and another. Our children and the generations ahead will still prefer to choose their own television programs, and will resent strongly, as we do today, any attempt on the part of Government to tell them what they should watch or listen to. A democratic government's function is to carry out the will of the people, and not to impose its own will upon them, whether they like it or not.

Even supporters of the Liberal party itself cannot stomach the course the Government has taken with regard to television. Just a few weeks ago the Ontario Young Liberal Association voted down a suggestion that it endorse the present CBC television monopoly in major markets. Only one delegate voted in favor of the monopoly.

While Canada, and its Government, support the Free Enterprise system, there is a strange reluctance on the part of the Liberal Government to carry this support into a field that would not only be free, but be among the most enterprising of all Canadian businesses: private television. The Marie Antoinettes of the CBC and the Cabinet have recently given permission (under public pressure) to private enterprise to open television outlets in the hinterland, in a magnanimous gesture of "Let 'em eat

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crusts," while refusing them permission to open stations in the large centres of population, where they would be in competition with the CBC-TV outlets.

It is only with extreme reluctance that the Government tosses these crusts to private enterprise. That is the one solid fact to be found in the devious ambiguities which Dr. J. J. McCann, the Minister who is responsible for the CBC in the House of Commons, periodically dishes out as statements of policy.

On July 4, 1952, Dr. McCann told Parliament: "We are attempting to carry out the recommendations of the Massey Commission. I would respectfully call . . . attention to one of the recommendations which says: 'That no private television broadcasting stations be licensed until the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has available national television programs and that all private stations be required to serve as outlets for national programs.'"

The Speech from the Throne, Nov. 20, 1952, added this: "You will accordingly be asked to make provision to enable the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation to establish television stations in the Halifax, Winnipeg and Vancouver areas. My ministers have indicated to the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation that they are now prepared to consider applications for licenses of private television broadcasting stations which may be recommended by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation to serve areas which could not be served at this time by public stations."

Dr. McCann, Dec. 8, 1952: "The objective will be to make national television service available to as many Canadians as possible through cooperation between private and public enterprise . . . Since the objective will be to extend services as widely throughout Canada as is practicable, no two stations will be licensed at present to serve the same area."

Dr. McCann, Jan. 27, 1953: "Perhaps some people wonder why I advocate and support the CBC. Well, I do it for this reason, that radio broadcasting and television are a natural monopoly."

Dr. McCann, March 30, 1953: "It was not the policy of the government to create monopoly in television or to limit any one area indefinitely to one television station . . . It is anticipated that, in due course, private stations will be permitted in areas covered by CBC stations, and the CBC may establish stations in some areas originally covered by private stations."

What private enterprise gets out of all that is "maybe." The policy is still protection of the CBC monopoly. Meanwhile, there is nothing even remotely resembling national TV service, and Canadians, wherever they are able to do so, keep on watching American programs.

WOODMAN LAMB

(Mr. Lamb is the young writer who caused considerable comment a short time ago with his highly controversial article entitled "Toronto—City of God." A Canadian, he has had an opportunity to study television operations in both the United States and Canada.)

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Letter from London

Coronation Music and Decoration

IT IS somewhat ironic that though the streets of London are thronged with pilgrims—the word is really more apposite than "tourists"—not one of them can enter the shrine which they seek most eagerly, the Abbey. It is bolted and barred to all comers, as indeed it must be, for the Ministry of Works has a gigantic job in hand, erecting towering banks of scaffolding, and hanging up acres of blue and scarlet and gold brocade. My own seat for the ceremony is in the North Transept, and I tried to obtain permission to visit it, if only for ten minutes. I wanted to refresh my memory of the shrines of St. Andrew, St. Michael and St. John, which will be facing me, and to see how the light shines through the stained glass above Poet's Corner, which lies just across the aisle.

"Not a hope," said the Abbey officials. "Not even if you were a duke." So that was that.

But I have had a pre-taste of one of the most exciting features of the ceremony—the music. Very few people realize that the music used at Coronations is chosen afresh for each occasion, unlike the liturgy, which has followed the same lines for a thousand years. There is only one composition which has attained a permanent place, Handel's anthem, *Zadok the Priest*, which is sung during the Anointing. It was written for the coronation of George II.

The music for next month's ceremony will be very thrilling indeed. Canadians do not need to be reminded that their own Dr. Healey Willan is the only living composer to be represented during one of the most impressive moments of the service—the Homage. His anthem, *O Lord, our Governour*, is finely fitted for the occasion.

I feel a special interest in a brief but triumphant piece of music which bursts from the choirs and full orchestras as the Queen is actually crowned . . . the moment when the guns of the Tower are fired and when the peers and peeresses put on their coronets. This piece is called *Confortare*, and it was written by Sir George Dyson, who was my music-master at school. He once reproved me, when I was playing a Chopin etude, for "making it sound respectable, when it isn't." Well, he certainly seems to have become respectable himself, in his old age.

The most ambitious new work is Sir William Walton's *Te Deum*, which is already in full rehearsal. It is terrific. Sir William has gone the whole hog: bursts of brass, fortissimo organs, two choirs, full orchestra, two semi-choruses, and the sopranos swooping up to top A natural on the least provocation; a fitting conclusion to the entry of the Elizabethan Age. For did they not say of England, under the first Elizabeth, that it was "a nest of singing birds"?

There is a great flower story in the Coronation. But perhaps the greatest story is that there are going to be no flowers at all—in the Abbey.

It was Constance Spry who told me this, and she ought to know, for she is Her Majesty's Superintendent Extraordinary in all Things Floral. (The title is my own invention, but it expresses the truth. David Eccles, Minister of Works, had the uncommon good sense to call her in to advise him on all the celebrations where flowers will be used.)

So Constance—fiftyish, grey-haired, twinkling, shy, very feminine, and altogether a poppet—went along to the Abbey with the Queen's chief gardener, took one look at it, and very wisely and very bravely said "No."

As she afterwards remarked to me, "it would have been gilding the lily, and over-gilding it." You see, all the surroundings will be draped in fabulous brocades of madonna-blue and gold, framed by the silver-grey of the ancient trefoil pillars. No arrangement that she could possibly have devised could compete with such magnificence. The flowers would have wilted, in more senses than one.

BUT what fun she is going to have outside the Abbey! I should think that every woman in the world, who likes playing with colors and devising decorative schemes, must envy her. Here is one little example. At a committee meeting they were discussing the color in which to paint the stands which line the stately avenue of The Mall, from the Palace to the Admiralty Arch. Constance plumped for a soft blue. And she explained the choice, in her quiet and diffident way, by saying "I think it would give a bluebell look, under the green branches of the trees."

A bluebell look. There is more than a touch of poetry in that phrase. But don't run away with the idea that Constance just drifts round the streets, in a vague sort of way, murmuring charming ideas about drifts of blue and banks of scarlet. Hers is a darned practical job, which entails ordering potted plants by the hundred thousand, arranging for them to be stored and watered and, in some cases, kept on ice; and above all, keeping one of her shrewd grey eyes cocked on the weather. For the season is late, as I write, and the buds of the roses are still small and green. Oliver Messel, who is doing Covent Garden for the Command Performance on June 10, wanted to wreathe the whole building in old-fashioned, bi-colored Tudor roses. Constance had to tell him, gently but firmly, that none of them would be out.

WITH THE Private View of the Royal Academy, the London season swept into full swing—though "swept" is perhaps hardly the word. There was a two-mile traffic block in Piccadilly, caused by the huge wooden road barriers which "they" have erected all along the Coronation route.

Whoever "they" may be, "they" were the subject of a great deal of execration, as cars crawled towards Burlington House in a torrential downpour. "They" have made travel in London a near impossibility.

Once inside, the familiar, fascinating scene unrolled itself. Paris hats and diamond bags, morning coats and monocles, jostled by beards and corduroy trousers, and a weird collection of females in sage green and sandals, who look as if they had stepped straight out of the pages of Du Maurier's "Punch".

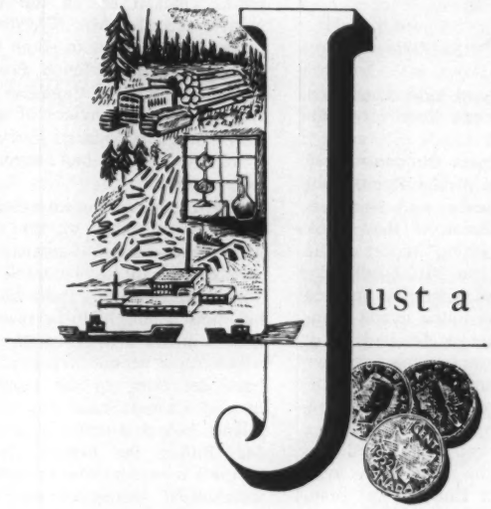
Our first objective, naturally, was James Gunn's picture of Her Majesty the Queen, which was painted for the Headquarters' Mess of the Royal Regiment of Artillery. For once in a way, the Royal Portrait seemed to come in for universal approbation. He has painted her standing, with a smile on her lips, in a soft white dress with silver sequins; the diamonds twinkle gaily on her hands, but they twinkle even more gaily in her eyes. Enchanting.

After that, I admired Simon Elwes' brilliant portrait of Sir Thomas Beecham, reclining in a white dressing gown, head cocked on one side, obviously on the point of saying something outrageous. (Like the retort he made to a rival conductor who was boasting of his war experiences. He was telling Sir Thomas how the Arabs had fired at him in the desert, when he was on his way to play to the troops. "Indeed, sir?" observed Sir Thomas. "I had no idea the Arabs were so musical!")

Then there were no less than five pictures by Sir Winston Churchill, all packed with life and color, particularly one which he painted only a few months ago, on the beaches of Jamaica. And a brilliant portrait of old Dr. Vaughan Williams, by the President himself, Sir Gerald Kelly.

But where, oh where, were the nudes? In 1951, struck by the absence of nudes—(I had just returned from a visit to the Paris Salon, where nudes are two a penny)—I made a point of counting them. There were eighteen. Last year I counted again. The number had dwindled to fifteen. But this year there are only twelve, out of a total of over a thousand exhibits. And even these look timid and shivery; they seem to be glancing nervously over their shoulders as though they longed for a counterpane. It is all very puzzling and mysterious, and I asked an artist friend what he thought was the reason for it. Were we becoming a nation of prudes? No? Then was it perhaps due to the ghastly weather, which caused the models to go on strike? "Nonsense," he retorted. "It's merely a question that flesh is damned difficult to paint, and these moderns just don't know how."

BEVERLEY NICHOLS



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Ottawa Letter

The Unmourned Death of a Session

THE FINAL SESSION of the 21st Parliament of Canada, in which spells of dreary dullness were interspersed with lively and often bitter controversies (as well as some sensational episodes like the production of the Currie report and the sudden exit of Mr. Dewar), ended on a happy note when Prime Minister St. Laurent generously provided Opposition Leader Drew with a befitting status for the Coronation by making him a Privy Concillor, in company with the two Speakers. But nobody need mourn the demise of the late Parliament; its successor cannot fail to be an improvement upon it.

A Parliament in which the Government has at its command an unwieldy and docile majority is never a healthy body, and a militant opposition, not seriously inferior in numbers, is essential for the efficient stewardship of the nation's interests.

During the past session their common indignation over the Government's extravagance and the complacent arrogance of Ministers impelled the three parties in opposition to cooperate more freely than in any previous session. As a result they were able to keep the Ministry on the defensive throughout most of the session and drive it into some very difficult corners.

The chief subject of controversy was the activities of the Department of National Defence, and Ministers are under a delusion if they think that the "whitewashing" report of the Liberal majority on Mr. Croll's defence expenditures committee secured the Department acquittal in the country from the charges levelled at it, and that the opposition parties have not deadly ammunition for the coming campaign from the evidence now collected.

The crop of important legislation was very small; the most useful measure was the Fair Employment Practices Act, which all parties supported.

Nobody in the House of Commons emerged as a parliamentary star of the first rank. But Mr. Sinclair, the Minister of Fisheries, proved that he was the most competent of the younger Ministers. The impression was confirmed that Mr. Knowles of the CCF has become one of the best parliamentarians in the House, and that Mr. Hees and Mr. Robichaud are very valuable recruits for the Progressive Conservative party. Some roses fell from the chaplet of Mr. St. Laurent through his handling of the Currie report and the strange affair of Mr. Dewar.

One of the last days of the session saw a deplorable addition to the black marks chalked up on the Government's record. Mr. Chevrier was forced by Mr. Drew to admit that the Department of Defence Production had awarded to a Canadian firm a contract for the engines of a Canadian National Railways ferry, when a reputable firm had submitted a lower tender.

This calamitous performance makes a hollow mockery of the Government's professions of anxiety to enable Britain to earn more Canadian dollars, so that our export trade with her, now waning, can be maintained. It also makes a farce of the lectures which some of our newspapers have been delivering to the Government of the United States for a similar offence. And it must have enraged Mr. Butler, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, who recently made a reasoned protest on this subject, because the Americans can now retort that, if they were sinners, they sinned at any rate in the excellent company of Canada, one of Britain's own sister states.

Pickersgill Again

THE CIRCULATION of a story that Prime Minister St. Laurent proposes to bring into his Cabinet, before the election, J. W. Pickersgill, his former private secretary and now Clerk of the Privy Council, caused a great furore in Liberal circles.

The association between the two men, since Mr. St. Laurent became Prime Minister in 1948, has been mutually profitable. When Mr. St. Laurent on the verge of his 60th year first entered politics in 1941, he was essentially a Quebecois, whose knowledge of Canada outside the bounds of his own province was meagre. His experience in his first two offices at Ottawa made a start with the cure of this disability, but it was still very serious, when he became Prime Minister in 1948 and had to cope with problems of administration and political management involving other provinces than Quebec.

Somebody had to make good this unfortunate gap in the Prime Minister's equipment for his high office, and the task was cheerfully assumed by Mr. Pickersgill, whom St. Laurent had inherited from Mr. King. So Mr. Pickersgill became as indispensable to the Prime Minister as his man Friday did to Robinson Crusoe. According to the Ottawa correspondent of the Toronto *Star*, the two Greek heroes, Damon and Pythias, had not a closer friendship or greater mutual admiration.

When Mr. Pickersgill became Clerk of the Privy Council, he disliked being condemned to the political neutrality properly prescribed for that post, according to reports. Mr. St. Laurent gave the impression of using his services as a political adviser during his western tour last fall. But, having found that this action evoked a spate of criticism, he is credited with the intention of regularizing the position of his faithful henchman and removing all doubt about his right to have Mr. Pickersgill at his side continually as his counsellor in affairs of state.

Mr. Pickersgill would hardly abandon the security of his present high-salaried post, unless he thought he had a chance of succeeding Mr. St. Laurent as leader of the Liberal party. So Mr. Abbott, Mr. Pearson, Mr. Martin and other aspirants for it must certainly look askance at the emergence of a new competitor, who may get the useful blessing of Mr. St. Laurent.

Furthermore, there is a sizable contingent of parliamentary under-secretaries and other Liberal members at Ottawa, who must hope that their services in the party wars would some day earn them promotion to the Cabinet. When they recall how a few years ago Mr. Pearson was suddenly elevated to the Cabinet from the civil service, they will begin to wonder whether entry to it might not offer a surer path to high office than the expenditure of their energies and treasure in election contests.

Under the circumstances, it is quite intelligible that the story about the projected promotion of Mr. Pickersgill has aroused, not merely disquietude in the Cabinet, but something like a mutinous spirit among the parliamentary rank and file of the Liberal party.

If the forecast that Mr. Pickersgill will replace Mr. Bradley as Secretary of State, and get the Liberal nomination for the latter's seat in Newfoundland, is accurate, it might have interesting repercussions.

Manitoba, in which Mr. Pickersgill spent most of his life until he came to Ottawa, would be the natural province to provide him with a seat. But, unless Mr. Garson were ejected from the Cabinet, it would be impossible to give Manitoba two representatives in the Cabinet without antagonizing its neighbors on the prairies. On the other hand, most of the seats in Newfoundland are at present pocket boroughs for the Government and, provided Premier Smallwood is agreeable, as he is reported to be, one of them would be the easiest starting point of Mr. Pickersgill's political career. Some of the present Liberal members from Newfoundland must think they are fully qualified to replace Mr. Bradley; and what will the voters of Newfoundland say, when Mr. St. Laurent tells them in so many words that, including Mr. Bradley, there is not a single individual on the island who is fit to sit in the Canadian Cabinet?

Moreover, the tradition that each province should be represented in the Federal Cabinet by a man who has spent most of his life in it and is familiar with its people and its special problems, has almost been inviolable. Ministers who have entered a Cabinet between general elections have occasionally found seats outside their own provinces, but they always moved to a seat in their own province when the next general election came around. And what can a landsman like Mr. Pickersgill know about the problems of a seagirt community?

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Foreign Affairs

Dragging the U.S. Into a Conference

WHETHER the gods laughed or cried as Clement Attlee and Joseph McCarthy slanged each other recently we cannot know, but there can be no doubt about the joy in the Kremlin. The British trade union leader who said that McCarthy was a greater gift to Communism than Judas Iscariot was to the high priests and the Pharisees might properly have included a word or two for Mr. Attlee.

McCarthy acted just as one might have expected in shouting at the British to "withdraw from Korea and be damned," and crying for the sinking of "all of their accursed ships carrying materials to China for the killing of American boys." But Attlee, a former British Prime Minister, for years a responsible free world leader, ought not to talk like Aneurin Bevan. Even such an Anglophile paper as the *New York Times* reproved him for his criticisms of the U.S. Constitution. Its editorial was entitled "A Poor Thing, But Our Own", something to be criticized in Congress and not in the House of Commons.

The Attlee call for the admission of Red China to the UN after an armistice is achieved in Korea, and accusation that there are elements in the U.S. who do not want a Far Eastern settlement, are another thing. He might quite possibly find them fully justified by the angry Congressional debate which they have caused. This does seem to show that recognition of Peking is not practical politics in the United States at the present time; and there can be no settlement without such recognition, and admission of Communist China to the UN. Yet in saying these things in the way he did, Attlee showed little comprehension of the intensity of feeling over the Korean War in the United States and unwittingly aided Soviet propaganda about American "warmongering."

One can only hope that the debate will have returned, by the time this is read, to the higher level set by Churchill and Eisenhower; that is, a debate on how best to find out if Russia really wants a cold war settlement. For this is what both leaders want to do. The Americans are embittered and frustrated by nearly two years of talks at Kaesong and Panmunjom and by endless Soviet "peace offensives." Quite understandably they demand proof of good faith through completion of the Korean and Austrian negotiations, before tackling other and more difficult problems, such as that of Germany. The British say that there won't be a long wrangle this time if the Russians mean business, and the best way to find out if they do is to go and talk with the new Soviet leaders.

Churchill urges a quiet, private get-together, without an agenda or a horde of officials and experts. But this means "Teheran" and "Yalta" to the Americans, and with the strength of Republican feelings on the "cosy" deals with Stalin which Mr. Roosevelt carried out there, and all they said about these "sell-outs" in the recent election, one can hardly expect enthusiasm over this proposal. Here we run into perhaps the greatest psychological difficulty between the two English-speaking allies. The Americans tend to think in terms of a climactic conference bringing a total settlement, unless the situation is to deteriorate into atomic war. It must be all-or-nothing, black-or-white, like their "war to end war" in 1918, and their "Unconditional Surrender" and Morgenthau Plan in the Second World War. Churchill, on the other hand, is looking only for an "easement" of the situation, the "settlement of two or three of our difficulties", from a new high-level talk.

IT IS evident that Sir Winston wants to size up these new fellows in Moscow at first-hand. And it may be surmised that, after the deep hurt he suffered from being called a warmonger in the last election, he would dearly love to play out his historic role as a peacemaker. There is a feeling in the States that for these reasons he may be a little over-eager; but no one, not even McCarthy, suggests that the great paladin is "soft" on Communism, or merely seeking the easy or popular way. Churchill has too well-founded a reputation for telling the unpleasant and unwelcome truth, as in warning of Nazi Germany's ambitions all through the 'thirties, and of Soviet Russia's, in his famous Iron Curtain speech at Fulton, Missouri, in March, 1946. Even now, while proposing conversations with the Soviets, Churchill warns the free nations against relaxing their comradeship or their preparations. "Unity, vigilance and fidelity are the only foundations upon which we can hope to live."

However, if Anglo-American differences could be reconciled, there would still be another great difficulty in arranging a high-level conference, and that is Churchill's apparent intention of excluding France, as a way of avoiding the five-power conference, including Communist China, for which Soviet propaganda has been clamoring for a month past. Churchill said that "the conference should be confined to the smallest number of persons and powers possible." This seems bound to make trouble in France. But on the other hand, his suggestion of a new Locarno as a means of guaranteeing Germany's neighbors is bound to have a strong appeal in France. Sir Winston referred to a Locarno-type pact to guarantee Russia against a new German attack, and vice-versa; but if the European Army plan should have to be sacrificed in a German settlement the Locarno idea could as readily be applied in Western Europe.

The Commons and press in Britain strongly approve of the Churchill proposal. Throughout Western Europe sentiment appears overwhelmingly in favor of it. The Vatican urges a Big Power meeting; and so does Nehru of India. It rather looks as if, in the end, the United States will be dragged, unwilling, into such a conference.

IT IS the price of free world leadership to prove oneself endlessly ready to seek peace. Probably the most unanimously held opinion in the United States is that America has sought nothing but peace, and the Soviets nothing but aggression, since the end of World War II; that the Americans have paid so heavily for peace and aided so many nations in the process, that it must be clear to the entire world that they want only peace, and no advantage for themselves.

It may seem to many Americans nothing but a triumph for Communist propaganda that anyone should believe that they don't really want a settlement in Korea or a general settlement with Soviet Russia. Nevertheless, there is Mr. Attlee, who, as Prime Minister of Britain, cooperated loyally with them in checking the Soviet advance in Europe, stating flatly that there are some elements in the U.S. who really want an all-out war with Communist China.

Senators Knowland, Dirksen and McCarthy know no better than to scream back that Attlee is a half-Communist, having backed the International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War. Col. McCormick of the Chicago *Tribune* goes further, and says that British Labor is more Communist than the Communists—whatever that means.

This group can be a severe embarrassment to Eisenhower, but it does not conduct U.S. policy. A notable feature of the two wild days in the U.S. Senate during which Mr. Attlee was "answered" was that no reputable figure playing a role in foreign affairs, in either party, took part. The whole thing was deplorable enough; but if one recalls the wild anti-British outbreaks during the Palestine troubles, the criticism of Britain for years over the Indian question, and the slurs cast on her during the discussion of the big post-war loan, one can only take it philosophically. It goes with the free system; and if the Americans can't handle McCarthy, and the British can't keep from criticizing the U.S. Constitution in the House of Commons, then there just won't be a free system very long. One ironic outcome of the spat might be that the Soviets will be so encouraged over the results of a little easing of East-West tension that they may decide to call off the cold war entirely.

WILLSON WOODSIDE

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Films

Comments and Complaints

THE Danish Legation at Ottawa recently mailed me a brochure dealing with the life of Hans Christian Andersen. The booklet offers no comment on Hollywood's treatment of the subject, but since it opens with an introduction by Jean Hersholt, one may assume that the writer, Dr. Bo Gronbeck, was not so much out of sympathy as some Danish authorities with the Industry's approach to the great man's life.

The Danish booklet sets forth the actual life-story of Hans Christian Andersen, and while the Hollywood account doesn't parallel the biography in detail, it follows it, on the whole, with more than the usual respect. If Samuel Goldwyn allowed his own imagination to take over in the big ballet sequences, this is natural enough in a producer of enthusiastic temperament, with three of four million dollars loose in his pockets. In any case, there was little room for criticism of Danny Kaye, whose engaging simplicity and gentleness in the title role helped to keep the story in line, often in spite of Mr. Goldwyn.

Another correspondent writes in, protesting indignantly against this reviewer's comments on *Salome*. Biblical criticism, he points out, has established the fact that at the time of her famous dance, Salome was a child of fourteen, entirely under the domination of her wicked mother Herodias. This seems to square the Rita Hayworth performance with Scripture—or would if Miss Hayworth hadn't given every indication, particularly in her celebrated *pas seul*, of knowing exactly what she was up to. Certainly she didn't behave like a fourteen-year-old, even by Mediterranean standards.

A. R. Lewis offers a defence of Three D, on the ground that it represents a new screen technique. "Wait and see what they do with it," he suggests. This is sound advice. Since Hollywood is brilliantly resourceful in the use of new techniques, the wait may be rewarding in the end. Meanwhile, we will have to endure as patiently as possible the illusion of being hit on the head by falling timbers or kicked in the face by a can-can chorus.

She's Back on Broadway has Virginia Mayo stepping about briskly on her lovely legs, and occasionally singing snatches of song in a small, rather unpromising voice. She is supposed to be a waning movie picture star who comes to New York to make a success on the musical comedy stage — an improbable story, since Miss Mayo seems as unlikely to flop in Hollywood as to succeed on Broadway.

Before the final curtain goes down on the inevitable smash hit, there are usual backstage difficulties — dreamy rehearsals, dismal out-of-town tryouts, and troubles with the director (Steve Brodie), who drinks like a fish, bullies the cast and insults the star, who loves him for reasons deeply imbedded in the script. It's a very old plot, constructed on the theory that everybody is stagestruck, and anything at all having to do with the heartbreak of Broadway, will find its audience somewhere. Perhaps it will, though this particular sample would be unlikely to find it on Broadway.

Sombrero was produced in Mexico and offers three parallel Mexican romances, one gay, one unhappy, and one unintelligible. Arriving midway in a dazzle of Mexican technicolor, I had some difficulty in sorting out these elements and the relationship of the various couples. This gave *Sombrero* a certain interest.

Couple No. 1 (Yvonne de Carlo and Vittorio Gassman) are star-crossed. She is a nobody, he's rich and, as a further complication, is dying of an incurable disease. Couple No. 2 (Ricardo Montalban and Pier Angeli) have a livelier affair. They are both rich, both healthy, and their only problem is a comic father. The romance of the third pair (Cyd Charisse and Dick Jason) gets a temporary setback because the heroine feels she is responsible for the death of her bull-fighting brother. To atone for this, she does an expiatory dance in the pouring rain against a fierce Mexican landscape that looks as if it might harbor the Plumed Serpent. *Sombrero* also includes such Latin features as a bull-fight, a cock-fight, a fiesta, an inter-village feud, gypsy fortune-tellers, and (for this reviewer), a short siesta towards the end.

The picture was adapted from the novel *A Mexican Village* by Josefina Nigli. Norman Foster, who directed it, set out, no doubt, to create a small Mexican world filled with comic or tragic human figures. But the authentic feeling went astray somewhere, so that most of the time *Sombrero* looks more like a large Mexican stage set, swarming with types.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

•

New York—Carver's Diving Horse, a long-time stellar outdoor attraction, is being revived by Steel Pier, where the original act was featured for many years. The last diving horse presented by Lorena Carver, daughter of the originator of the act, was named John the Baptist. The act was discontinued when the horse broke its leg in a dive in Egypt about 1945.—*Report in Billboard.*

We've heard of those Egyptian dives.

•

A friendly Newfoundland family would like one young man to share their home, single beds. — *Advertisement in the Toronto Globe and Mail.*

Friendly, but not roomy.

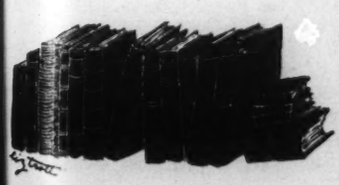
Books

A Potent Brew

WE CANADIANS ARE a people of strongly political spirit, but our political life lacks certain elements which have given salt and pepper to politics elsewhere: we are pitifully short of competent political caricaturists and we lack even one skilled political versifier. Let no one dismiss these wants as trivial; how much of history is stripped and exposed for us in the caricatures of Gillray and Rowlandson, of Pellegrini ("Ape") and Tenniel, of Max Beerbohm and David Low! And how much of the history of our time has been wittily summed up in the verses of the talented lady who conceals her identity under the name of "Sagittarius," and who used to write as "Fiddlestick"! Every week, in *The New Statesman & Nation,* she distils the political brew and presents us with the pungent essence.

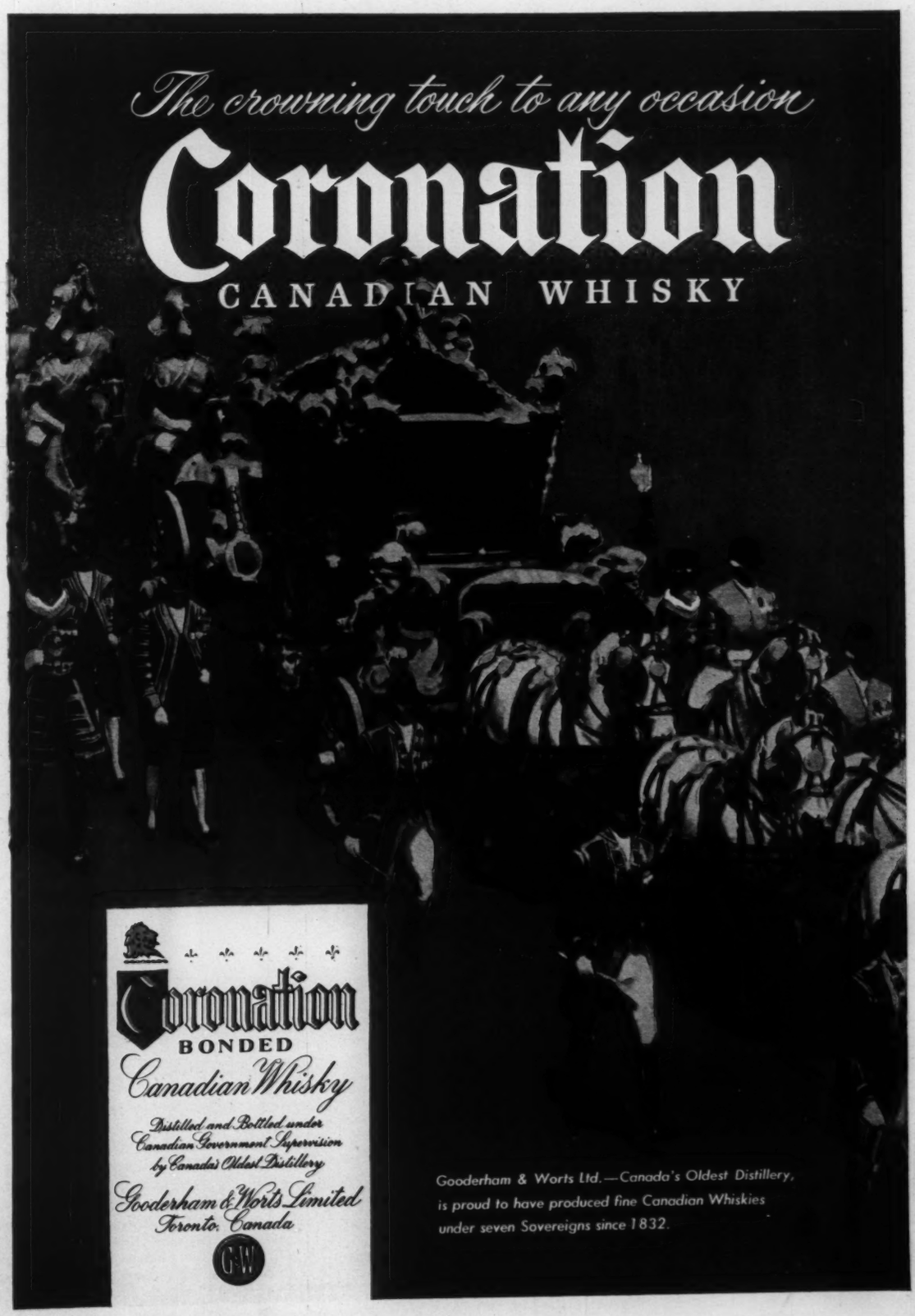
The latest collection of her work, called *Strasbourg Geese,* is up to her highest standard. A few weeks ago, in these columns, I complained that Ogden Nash has only one manner. Nobody knows how many manners Sagittarius has; they must be reckoned by the score. She has a perfect ear for rhythm and vocabulary, and she can compose in the manner of any poet; with so many disguises in her wardrobe she is able to choose the perfect manner for every subject, and to speak of Daylight Saving in the voice of Houseman; of the troubles of Ireland in the moody cadence of W. B. Yeats; of Australian fiscal independence in the strains of Banjo Patterson. This is more than brilliance; in its chameleon-like way it is real poetry; it is what A. A. Milne—himself a fine practitioner in this sphere—calls "one of the loveliest of arts . . . the Art of Light Verse."

Because it is about politics and contemporary problems, and because it wears the cloak of parody, let no one dismiss it as trivial. In particular let me commend it to our Canadian poets, few of whom can equal Sagittarius in either the technique or the feeling of verse. Who, in Canada, writes good verse of this kind? Frank Scott, Louis MacKay, Robert Finch, Earle Birney, James Reaney — are there any others? And those whom I have named turn their hands too seldom to this delightful work; what could they not do for our political scene if they would give us their opinions, more often, on the concerns of the day?



Light verse is not something which is written by people who cannot rise to more "poetic" flights. At its best it gives us all of the pleasures of poetry except sustained deep emotion. Music, magic, wit, grace, profundity and insight — it is an apt vehicle for all of these; as Milne has said, it is severely technical work, but the technique must not be obtrusive; rather, again in his words, it must be "true humor expressing itself in perfectly controlled rhyme and rhythm." Our Canadian poets, so many of whom are clumsy and insensitive technicians, should try it. There are few disciplines for the poet more taxing than the composition of an occasional gaseous sonnet.

Why have we no composers of light verse in regular practice? Is it really that we are a dull and stodgy people, incapable of appreciating such work? Or is it that our versifiers are, in general, too lazy to buckle down to the hard work which light verse demands? It is so much easier to write bad serious verse about nothing in particular than to compose witty and pungent verse upon a specific and well-understood subject. And, of course, the composition of light verse as Sagittarius does it, and as notable versifiers in this sphere in the past have done it, requires not only wit and perceptiveness, but also an in-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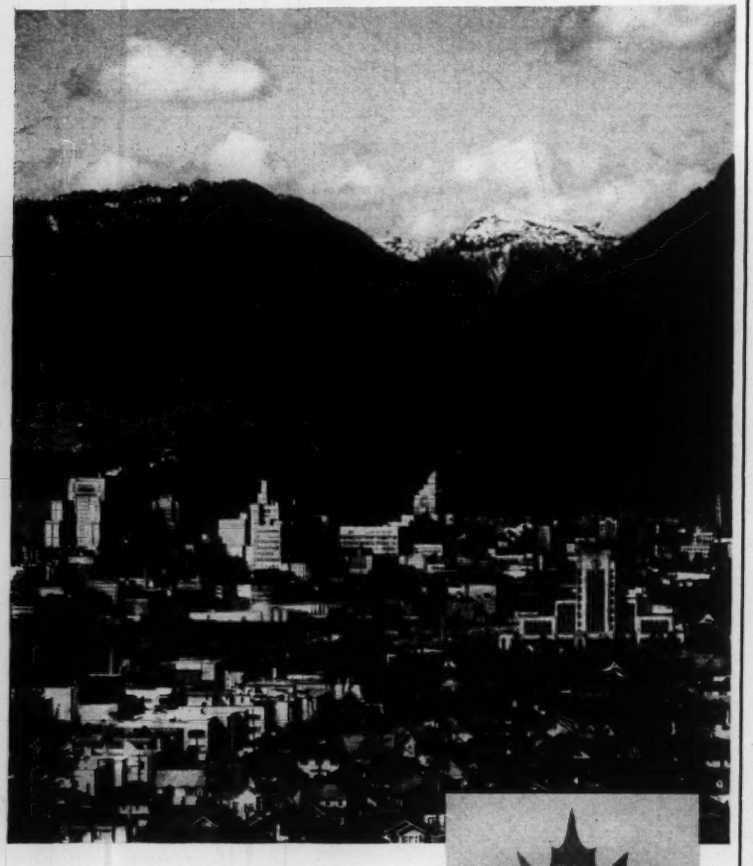

Exciting experiences await you in Canada's interesting, colorful cities... each has its own individuality. You'll enjoy every minute of your stay in Vancouver (above), Canada's gateway to the Orient, Edmonton, fastest growing Canadian city, Winnipeg where East and West meet, Toronto (home of the world's greatest annual fair), cosmopolitan Montreal, romantic Quebec, and other historic Eastern cities.

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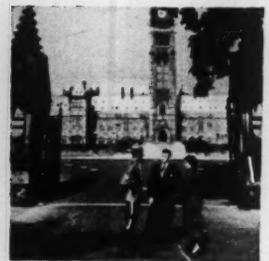

In Ottawa, Canada's Capital, stand the peace tower and Houses of Parliament (above), a sight worth seeing. Nearby is the famous Chateau Laurier hotel.

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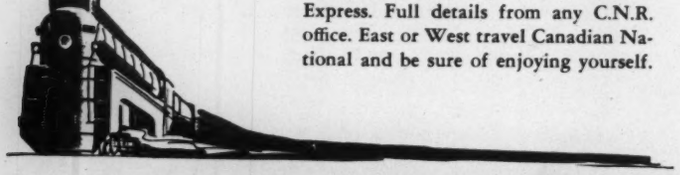

tellectual background which the majority of our poets too plainly lack. Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child, warbled his native woodnotes wild, and too many Canadian poets follow his example, making up in a strong native quality whatever they may lack in wildness and sweetness.

Let them go to school to Sagittarius. Again to quote Milne: "Dull would he be of soul who could pass a verse so perfect in its mockery."

STRASBOURG GEESE, by Sagittarius—pp. 128—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.25.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

In Brief

WE FOUND PEACE—by Gray Campbell—pp. 244—*Thomas Allen*—$3.00.

Convinced that there must be "a condition of living somewhere that would untangle the jittery nerves and the lost feeling of postwar uncertainty", Gray Campbell, DFC, of Ontario, ex-RCMP, ex-RCAF, his English bride of 1941 and his son of three years, went west in 1946 to look for it. They found a 1,440-acre ranch "in a big green bowl with alpine slopes of clean, park-like grass on three sides topped with evergreens". There was a good house, too. This was the foothill country of Alberta, beyond Macleod. The property was bought by means of a Veterans' Land Act loan and by the writer turning all his assets into cash.

The rest of the quiet story tells of the hardships, problems, summer and winter incidents, and neighbors bordering the Campbell family's peace on the remote ranch. It is told unaffectedly, in good plain prose. Mrs. Campbell remarks at the end of the book that the baby bonus cheque helps a lot. So does a book, as other people who have sought life and livelihood in a country retreat have found, if happily it is as saleable as this is likely to be.

MARY LINCOLN, BIOGRAPHY OF A MARRIAGE—by Ruth Painter Randall—pp. 444, with pp. 85 of notes, and an index—*McClelland & Stewart*—$6.95.

Abraham Lincoln's wife was a subject of controversy during her lifetime and the innumerable commentators on Lincoln have all had to adopt some attitude toward her, even if it was only one of indifference. The most lively account of her is probably that given by Lincoln's law partner, William Henry Herndon, in his *True Story of a Great Life* (1889); he appears not to have liked Mrs. Lincoln, and unless some of the stories which he tells of her are pure fabrication, she had irritating characteristics.

Undoubtedly Mrs. Lincoln has suffered from her husband's reputation—one might almost say, his canonization. People like to see public figures in brilliant colors, and the wife of a great man is quite likely to seem unworthy of him to those who know little of his personal circumstances. Mary Todd Lincoln suffered from much criticism which was unquestionably spiteful and unjust.

Mrs. Ruth Painter Randall became interested in Mary Todd Lincoln when she was helping her husband, Professor J. G. Randall, in the preparation of his *Lincoln The President*. She considered the evidence anew, found some new material, and decided to vindicate Mrs. Lincoln, once for all. She has written a book which burns with sincere fervor, but many readers will feel that she has overdone her championship.

Mrs. Lincoln may have been a much wronged woman, but nothing has been brought forward to suggest that she was anything more than a rather ordinary woman at best, and it is injudicious to try to swell her up into the subject of a full-dress biography. Before we have read all of Mrs. Randall's 444 pages, we have had enough of Mary Todd. Canadian readers may wonder what all the fuss is about; Mrs. Lincoln can never be more than a small-part player in the mighty drama of Abraham Lincoln.

Nevertheless, scholars and Lincoln enthusiasts will be glad to have all this material on record in a convenient form. This is not, as the author hopefully asserts, "the biography of a marriage"; with all the goodwill in the world, we cannot believe that Lincoln's marriage was a particularly vital element in his life, and whether Mary Lincoln was an ordinary bad wife or an ordinary good one is now a matter of indifference to millions of people who are by no means indifferent to what was really important about Abraham Lincoln.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY—by F. Spencer Chapman, DSO—pp. 190 indexed—*Clarke, Irwin*—$3.00.

Living Dangerously is the finest book of adventure that you could wish to have. It is a thrilling and descriptive record of adventures in high, wide and unfrequented corners of the world, and at the same time, a reflective book. It is the philosophy as well as the act of grand adventuring—exploits in essays which stir the blood and free the spirit. Man is not meagre nor his world confined, Colonel Spencer Chapman's deeds and writing attest. And happiness can be his lot.

"Who do really seem to be enjoying life? And I am bound to answer it is the so-called uncivilized people—so long as they are not so primitive as to be obsessed by fears". His book is proof that civilized man, if he will put himself next to the conflicts of nature, can find contentment. "It seems to me that this sense of satisfaction is derived from four sources: a simplification of the objects of life, a degree of companionship, beautiful surroundings *and*—the element of danger. For me, twice, at any rate for any length of time, these conditions were completely fulfilled".

The two occasions, which are central in these chapters assembled from the author's BBC broadcasts, happened in the early 1930's when he spent three years in Greenland, and in the 1940's when he spent more than three years behind the Japanese lines in the Malayan jungle. The text and beautiful pictures tell of his adventures among the Greenland Eskimos, the herdsmen of Tibet and their snow-capped peaks, and the Sakai—the little aborigines of the Malayan jungle.

The author is a schoolmaster by profession, a decorated military offi-

cer by the accident of war, and an adventurer at heart. His earlier books, *The Jungle Is Neutral* and *Memoirs of a Mountaineer,* were fascinating accounts of which this book is a synthesis and testament. Thoroughly recommended to anyone who believes that we, like the eagles, were born to be free.

THE COCKNEY—by Julian Franklyn—pp. 301 and 31 pages of notes and index—*Ambassador*—*$3.75.*

It was a good idea to write a book about the Cockney, but we wish that Mr. Julian Franklyn had not chosen to do it when his shoulders were burdened with towering bundles of chips. It is clear that he has a wide and curious knowledge of the people of London, and has brought to his task all the love and enthusiasm of his heart, but he spends far too much time fighting long-dead quarrels, and admonishing people who dared to speak disrespectfully of Cockneys hundreds of years ago. He is ridiculously touchy about everything which has to do with Cockneydom, but he brashly speaks of Brooklynese as "a class dialect" and talks of "the Oxford accent"—which he would be hard-set to define. To him the Cockney can do no wrong; even the music hall songs of Albert Chevalier "place him among the poets". We can sympathize with his uncritical enthusiasm, but it robs the book of balance, and often makes it wearisome.

The nine chapters on the speech of the Cockney are good, but not so good as they might have been if the author had shaken off an unnecessary delicacy in dealing with profanity; after all, we know what words he is writing about, and his clumsy locutions give a disagreeably coy effect. It is unwise, and unbalanced, to beat the bones of the late Bernard Shaw, because he thought the Cockney speech ugly; surely, in this wide world, there is room for such an opinion?

For all its faults of pig-headed local patriotism, this is a valuable and interesting book. Most people like and admire Cockneys, and give them full marks for bravery, good humor, wit and resource. Mr. Franklyn need not shake his fist to emphasize his points.

ANDRE FRANCOIS' DOUBLE BEDSIDE BOOK—with introduction by Nicolas Bentley — *Ambassador Books*—*$2.50.*

THE RIGHT PLAYMATE—by James Broughton and Gerard Hoffnung—*Clarke Irwin*—*$2.00.*

About books of funny drawings it is really only possible for a book reviewer to say that they are worth the money asked for them, or not. Both of these books meet that requirement; both can be looked at with pleasure more than once; both are for the mature sense of humor.

Andre François draws scratchy, naive-seeming pictures, some of which are explosively funny. He is fond of nude artists' models (who do not appear to him as visions of delight), of tattooing, and of knights in armour. His fun is very French, and perhaps it should be explained that this does not mean lubricous, but dry, sharp and sly. Incidentally, he is not a Frenchman, but a Roumanian. He provokes the silent laugh, not the guffaw. It would be possible to analyze his fun at length, but the result would be windy nonsense unless you had seen the pictures. See them, and make your own analysis.

In *The Right Playmate* we have a wonderful little satire on what might be called The Individual's Adjustment to Society or, more simply, finding people you can get along with. James Broughton has written a solemn little story about a small boy who grows up in search of the right playmate; Gerard Hoffnung has provided pictures which make this the funniest thing you are likely to see in a very long time. But again, you must not expect to roll on the floor and shake the glass out of the windows with your mirth. This is quiet fun, but the flavor lasts.

DANGER SIGNALS—by Dr. Walter C. Alvarez —pp. 167—Wilcox & Follett—$3.00.

Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, formerly of the Mayo Clinic, appears in this book as a learned, kindly little Orphan Annie who insists that the gobbleuns'll getcha ef yuh don't watch out! He is very widely known to the medical profession as a great consultant and diagnostician, and to a wider public as the writer of several authoritative but easily understandable works on growing old, blood pressure, indigestion and the like. Believing firmly that the way to keep alive as long as possible is to hot-foot it to your doctor at the first untoward sign of disease, Dr. Alvarez discusses some of the commonest (and nastiest) serious diseases in this book and urges his

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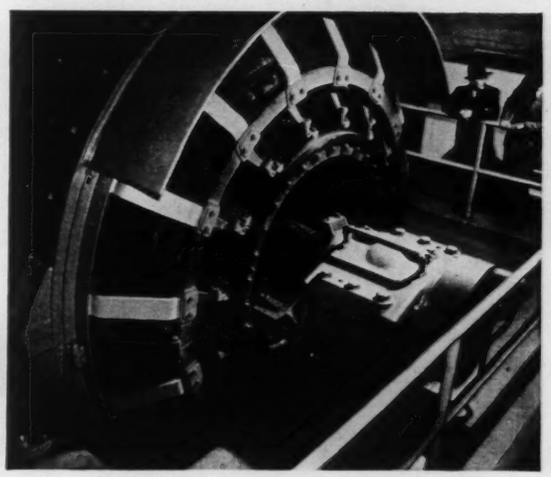

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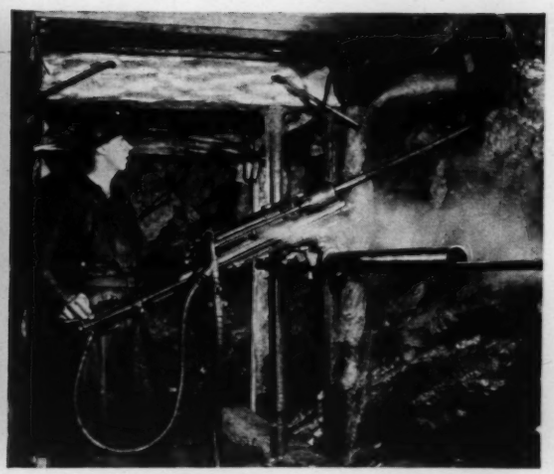

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readers to seek help as soon as alert common sense tells them that they need it.

Heart disease and cancer naturally appear prominently in such a book, as do lesser, but disagreeable, ills such as rheumatism, ulcers and diabetes. It is a hopeful book, and deeply interesting, but one which must be recommended with reserve. Physicians do not always realize that symptoms which, in certain relationships, have great meaning for them, are also very widely experienced by people who are perfectly healthy—or hope they are. And there is always that section of the populace—the reviewer belongs to it—which has only to hear of a symptom of a dread disease in order to experience it in some degree. Chapter by chapter as I read this book, I died a hundred deaths. It was agonizing, and it was also fascinating, stimulating, and in a horrible sort of way, fun. But if you are a fusser, approach it with caution.

HARVEY — by Mary Chase — pp. 90 and illustrated—*Oxford*—$3.50.

Surely there are few people who are not familiar with Harvey, the six-foot rabbit which was the companion of that amiable drunk Elwood P. Dowd. If you wish to put your acquaintance on a more permanent footing, the play has been published with decorations by Blechman.

TWO CAME BY SEA—by William S. Stone—pp. 343—*McLeod*—$4.00.

The dull competence of this novel should not dissuade readers. It is an excellent portrait and smell of Polynesia. Details, temper and the characters—even minor ones—create an absorbing picture of tropical island life, colonial problems and people. The two who came by boat to the French Island of 265 native souls and one old Frenchman, were a French hero of the Maquis to act as schoolmaster, and the governor, jealous of his confrere's fame. The schoolmaster saw the light (and warning) of the amiable native ways, including the lovely Maeva. The Governor built privies through the Island which blew down when the rains came. The scenes cling to the memory.

LANDFALL—by Helen Hull—pp. 278—*Longmans, Green*—$3.50.

A self-confident striving for effect, a travesty of a love story, this. The female who is its central character—she is an executive in a publishing house—is as much a heel as her son by her first marriage believes, even if the writer does not intend it; even if, at the end, "humility laid its wafer on her tongue." One feels for the husband, though one is not permitted to see him. The book is called *Landfall,* to indicate, it seems, "the struggle to sight land on the voyage of emotional relations between a man and a woman." This reviewer prefers to stay at sea, and in another ship.

LONDON CALLING NORTH POLE—by H. J. Giskes—pp. 208—*Ryerson*—$3.50.

Utterly fantastic and, damn it, believable, is this memoir by the former chief of German military counter-espionage in Holland, Belgium and Northern France. It's lucky that we won the war, one thinks, what with these ingenious Germans around to blow bridges mysteriously and foil our secret service.

The author presents an awful situation of twenty months when, according to his story, the London radio messages to resistance agents in Holland were under German control ("Operation Nordpole"). Well, perhaps our side was not completely hoodwinked. One of the comforts which the victors can take is that it is the vanquished who reveal all. Our people in the game keep close to their cards, guarding secret exploits and methods for future reference. None the less, the Germans achieved some remarkable results ('unfortunate' explosions on barges near Rotterdam, for instance). The author writes as an expert, not a Nazi. He has a good regard for the Dutch, in whose language his narrative was first published. T. J. A.

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Chess Problem

WHEN a black defensive move in a chess problem essentially obstructs the line action of another black piece, we speak of it as a self-interference, the "self" referring to the black side as a whole and not to any special one of his pieces. These self-interferences become objective or subjective, according to whether we consider the piece that moves or the piece that is obstructed.

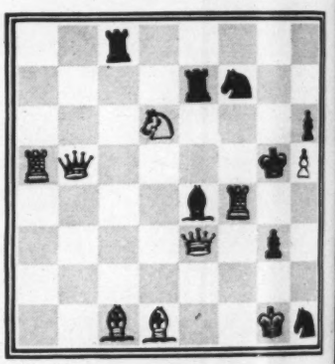
Classification under either of these headings may be made according to which of the two pieces appears to be the source of whatever unity of thought a problem may have. In his "Simple Two-Move Themes," Alain quotes the following example by A. Bolus, an English composer:

White: K on QB8; Q on KR2; Bs on QR2 and QKt4; Kts on QB5 and Q7. Black: K on QB3; Q on KB3; Bs on Q1 and KR8; Ps on QKt4, K2 and KR3. Mate in two. Key move 1.Kt-Kt7.

Here we might consider the King's Pawn interferences as paramount, or instead mark the black Queen as the protagonist. Mr. White thought the latter probably correct, on account of her additional defences by Q-B1 and Q-R1, which are truly self-interferences.

Problem No. 15, by G. Guidelli.

Black—Nine Pieces.



White—Eight Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Objective interferences dominate over the subjective ones, mainly due to the fact that every black piece can make an objective interference, though the Queen must be pinned, as laterally in our masterly No. 15 above. The black King and Knight cannot suffer subjective interferences, and in a two-mover the Pawn can only do so when on its home square, in certain relationship to the black King and other pieces.

Solution of Problem No. 14

Key-move 1.R-K3, waiting.

If B any; 2.R-Q2 mate. If R-Kt6 or Kt-B7; 2.RxB mate. If Kt-Kt6; 2.KtxP mate. If PxKt; 2.R-QB5 mate. If KKt any; 2.Kt-Kt8 mate.

1.R-KKt3 would be met by R-Kt6, and 1.R-QB3 by PxR.

"CENTAUR"

•

Milwaukee ball mad.—*Headline in the Regina Leader-Post.*

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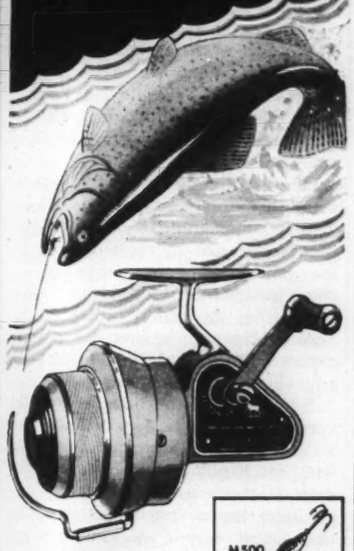

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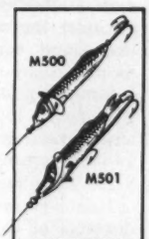

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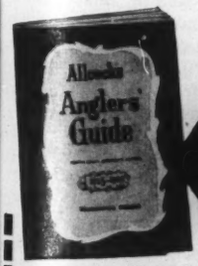

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Sports

Wrestling and TV

IT IS NOTABLE that the professional wrestlers, those hardy weeds in the garden of the drama, are flourishing in Toronto, Montreal, and other Canadian cities. It is notable, too, that Toronto and Montreal now are North America's most important cities as far as the pachydermic thespians are concerned.

The decline in wrestling's box-office receipts in the United States can be traced directly to the widespread televising of the suet shows. Boxing, wrestling and football are the three sports which are ideally adapted to television and, often, the spectator's view of the sanguinary proceedings is much better from his own sitting-room lounge chair than it would be from a $2.50 arena seat.

Accordingly, who can blame a man if he prefers to sit at home, safe in the bosom of his family, rather than battle his way downtown through the traffic?

The wrestling industry's success in Canada is the result of a prolonged wooing of a peculiar section of the public by the promoters. The wrestling fanatic is loyalty personified. The wrestling promoters in Canada have been shrewd enough to trade on habits. Over a long period of years, the promoters in the larger cities have staged their shows on the same night, each week, and they have attempted to operate approximately 50 weeks in each year.

At that, their success couldn't have been achieved without the benevolent cooperation of the press. The newspapers have treated the antics of the wrestlers with extraordinary solemnity. The strategies of their forthcoming engagements have been reported as studiously as the strategies of Napoleon and Wellington.

As a result, the Canadian promoters have developed a tremendous following of wide-eyed paying patrons who prefer professional wrestling to any other form of entertainment. Consequently, these same promoters view the growth of television with horror and, so far, they have declined to permit the cameras to peer at their bouts. The effects could be cataclysmic if their patrons were permitted to watch the shows without paying the box-office fees.

The wrestling industry in Eastern Canada was pioneered by Ivan Mikailoff, a large, myopic immigrant from Minsk who staggered off the boat with a pocketful of cigars and a deck of well-thumbed playing cards. Some American confidence man, who was stranded and temporarily short of funds in Russia, had taught Comrade Ivan to play the game of "Hearts", but his tutoring had been ill-received and, to this day, Mikailoff never has emerged successfully from a session of this old American pastime.

Like many another pioneer, Com-

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Ltd.

Toronto, May 7, 1953

NOTICE

is hereby given that Canadian Reinsurance Company, Toronto, has been granted by the Department of Insurance, Ottawa, Certificate of Registry No. C 1411 authorizing it to transact in Canada the business of Fire Insurance, Accident Insurance, Aircraft Insurance, Automobile Insurance, Boiler Insurance, Credit Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Explosion Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Forgery Insurance, Guarantee Insurance, Hail Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance, Inland Transportation Insurance, Live Stock Insurance, Machinery Insurance, Personal Property Insurance, Plate Glass Insurance, Real Property Insurance, Sickness Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage Insurance, Theft Insurance, Water Damage Insurance, Weather Insurance and Windstorm Insurance, limited to the business of reinsurance only.

ROBT. F. CLARK,
Manager.

rade Ivan has lived to discover that others reaped the fruits of his toil. He hewed and he sowed but his only reward was the attentions of a horde of process-servers and the fleeting affection of the newspaper scribes. He pioneered in Toronto and Montreal, but, when he had established wrestling in those cities, the American syndicate which controlled the industry moved in on him. They informed him that he was a charming fellow but they took over and gave him the exclusive rights to promotion in such thriving metropoli as Bella Coola, Portage La Prairie and Oxbow, Sask.

There were two important factors in the success of professional wrestling in Canada in the Mikailoff era. First, Stanislaus Stasiak, an amiable Pole, had his leg broken during a "world's championship" match in Toronto, and the customers flocked to subsequent bouts, hoping to see one of the antagonists decapitated.

Secondly, Henri DeGlane, a Parisian expatriate, settled in Montreal. In due course, DeGlane was matched with Strangler Ed Lewis for the legitimate world championship. After these sterling gladiators had wrestled for some minutes, DeGlane emitted a scream of pain, leaped to his feet and waved his wrist before the bugging eyes of the referee who, by mere chance, happened to be a native Montrealer.

On DeGlane's wrist were the unmistakable imprints of teeth.

The referee promptly disqualified Lewis and awarded the world title to DeGlane on a foul.

Lewis heatedly denied the charge of cannibalism. He pointed out that, in the confusion, DeGlane must have bitten *himself*. Lewis's theory stoutly is accepted by his friends, who insist that the old Strangler invariably left his teeth in his dressing-room locker before a match. Nonetheless, the world title was awarded to DeGlane and wrestling was established in Canada for all time.

Somewhat disillusioned by these shennanigans, Comrade Ivan Mikailoff had pressed on to Winnipeg, where he did some more pioneering. His Hearts game hadn't improved a bit and, five afternoons out of six, he was paying his losses to the office boy in the sports department of the Winnipeg *Tribune*.

Mikailoff took up quarters in a Winnipeg residential block which, appropriately, was named the Ivan Apartments. He surrounded himself with his troupe of wrestlers who, because they didn't belong to the American Syndicate, weren't exactly the best in the world.

Ivan was prone to feed his resident wrestlers a particularly horrifying goulash of his own concoction and, for his visiting newspaper friends, he served a lethal potion which was composed of three parts of Scotch whisky and one part of Benedictine.

After three applications of this medicinal treatment one evening, a very junior Winnipeg sports reporter became so inflamed that he picked up Comrade Ivan's most formidable wrestler and threw him in two straight falls.

Under the circumstances, it was understandable that Comrade Ivan said to hell with pioneering and retired to Providence, Rhode Island. At last report, he was still promoting wrestling there on a minor scale and occasionally could be seen shuffling into the $2-Show wicket at Narragansett race track.

During the same period, wrestling had prospered in Vancouver, where it was promoted successively under American Syndicate auspices, by Emil Klank, George Fitch and Percy Hicks. Vancouver could import the best wrestling talent from the United States because of the low freight rates in the Pacific Coast area.

Vancouver provided the best Canadian example of the inescapable fact that professional wrestling lives on audience participation. Wrestling fanatics give the casual observer the impression that they are the Little Men who have spent the days being bullied by their bosses or being heckled by their wives.

The two best advertisements for Vancouver wrestling were a Chinese gentleman named Ah Foo and an indignant little lady who didn't weigh more than 98 pounds even in those frequent moments when she was bathed in perspiration.

Despite the offers of free tickets from the promoters, Ah Foo always insisted on paying for his ticket and occupied a seat in the front row of the gallery. However, when he became indignant Ah Foo would storm down from the gallery and press his burning cigarette against the nearest exposed portion of the anatomy of any villain in the feature match.

For her part, the little lady would come down the aisle, screaming like a banshee, and whack the wrestler with her handbag, which weighed almost as much as herself.

Under the circumstances, you can understand why Canadian wrestling promoters are insisting that television is something for the birds. They don't wish such a loyalist as Ah Foo to get any satisfaction from smashing a 24-inch screen when he hasn't paid $2.50 for a seat.

It is even more significant that the directors of the Ontario Jockey Club have subscribed to a no-television policy for The Queen's Plate, the 94th running of which will be contested next Tuesday afternoon.

If The Plate were televised on Tuesday afternoon—and it rained heavily—the attendance conceivably could be cut down from a maximum of 50,000 to 40,000. And, those 10,000 missing customers would represent a loss in gate receipts of $2 per head.

Additionally, those 10,000 missing customers would have contributed nearly $30,000 to the Club in the form of betting revenues. Altogether, on the afternoon, it would represent a loss in total revenues of approximately $50,000.

And that, as the horseman says when he contemplates his rising feed bills, ain't exactly alfalfa.

JIM COLEMAN

•

Tonight's Big State League baseball game between Waco and Greenville was postponed because a tornado blew the ball park away.—*UP despatch from Waco, Tex.*

One hit, no runs, no areas.

Business

Stock Market Business: Chain Store Style

By W. P. SNEAD

IF YOU walk down Toronto's grand canyon of finance, Bay Street, and turn east along the south side of King, you would find two big brass plates that bear the name of the world's largest brokerage firm—Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Beane.

Just about a year ago, one of the senior partners, Homer Hargrave, who heads Chicago operations, adjusted the flower in his buttonhole for the ninth time, went outside for another look at the nameplates he is so proud of, then walked back into the new office to join the formal opening of this 108th link in the chain of 110 Merrill Lynch offices that spread across the continent from New York to Hollywood and from Amarillo, Texas, to Toronto.

He had good reason for his pride, for behind the nameplates lies a story of a revolution in the brokerage business that began little more than a decade ago. As always, it began with a man with an idea. The man was Charles Merrill, and the idea was simply that the traditional way of operating a brokerage business just didn't make sense. As a business operation it was hopelessly inefficient, it didn't satisfy the customers, and most of all it didn't satisfy him.

As the man who had a lot to do with the growth of the chain store systems (he had actively participated in the building of such chains as Kresges, Safeway Groceterias and others), he had some solid ideas on the subject. For nearly two decades he had studied the operations of chain stores in intimate detail. And "by following the silly idea of investing in the same securities we sold our customers," he had made a fortune, sold out and retired in 1930.

From his studies of the chains had emerged a hard core of facts. Chief of these was: the customer is king, you must give him service. This was the only way the brokerage business could be run, on service and information, not tips and rumors.

His interest remained academic until Winthrop Smith, now managing partner came to him in the dark days of 1940 and asked him to return to the investment business. The old firms of Merrill Lynch and E. A. Pierce, merged in 1930, were threatened with dissolution unless the merger agreement was renewed.

Smith, who started in the securities business as Merrill's office boy, challenged Merrill to try the ideas he had often stated. Merrill came back. The revolution got under way, much to the annoyance of the traditionalists who considered it quite undignified.

The big "wirehouse" (the name for firms with numerous branches linked by telegraph), of Fenner and Beane was impressed by the operation however, and in 1941, they came to join Merrill and Pierce. Thus the title "Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Beane" came into being.

The long title has earned the firm many a nickname. "We The People" is the most common. As Gordon Crotty, who came from a varied career in the investment business in Montreal, the RCAF and government financial agencies, to manage the new Toronto branch, says: "The more cracks about us the better. We love it. It's all good advertising." They were even included in a skit of the New Play Society at the Royal Ontario Museum. A boxer, asked to give the reason for his success, said he owed it all to his mother, his father, his trainer and Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Beane. All of which is grist to the mill for the firm believes in advertising just as strongly as it believes in supplying all the information it can to anyone who walks into its offices.

Besides a regular campaign of newspaper and magazine advertising aimed at educating the small investor, "We the People," give away educational books on investing by the ton. The most famous of these is *How To Read a Financial Report*. Even judges have used it in deciding cases.

Behind this "service and we mean it" approach to customer relations, laid down as a fundamental by Merrill, is the research department in New York. Questions on all kinds of securities flow in a steady stream to this office, which occupies nearly half an acre of floor space. It is one of the ideas that Merrill injected into the brokerage business as part of the chain store method of merchandising securities.

The firm is dedicated to serving the little investor. The big ones are welcome of course but like a supermarket they have something for everyone's taste. There are stocks and bonds for investors and commodities like cotton and wool for manufacturers who wish to hedge their forward purchases. The one exception is penny stock gambling. "No margin," says Merrill Lynch, firmly and politely.

The firm's aim is to direct people into good investments that pay off over the long pull and their slogan of "investigate then invest" has been picked up by every Better Business Bureau in the country. In its efforts to supply this service, the firm spent last year $265,000 in research and $475,000 in advertising, besides the cost of the wire services involved.

The Merrill Lynch office is dominated by one of the most modern quotation boards in the city. There is only a small space allotted to the usual collection of boardroom "sitters," who while away their days watching the ticker tapes spell out the trading in New York and Toronto in a ceaseless march of symbols and figures. Every brokerage office has its share of these characters, who are as much a part of the local color of the brokerage business as the stock tickers.

Merrill Lynch's quota includes some odd sitters, who alternately amuse and irritate the employees. There is the little man, with the turkey-red face, who studies the Dow-Jones news ticker with the air of a managing director and leaves his trademark of pencil ticks on it. Another old boy, who comes in for his afternoon siesta and drops off to sleep with a great display of long underwear, has his counterpart in many offices; but the old lady, who wears outlandish clothes and always carries a pencil on a string around her neck, is unique. She considers the whole thing one big joke as she eavesdrops on all the conversations of the "chair-borne brigade" of wiseacres, and giggles and laughs all afternoon.

IN THE advent of Merrill Lynch on Bay Street has produced many a furrow of worry, as well as a stir of competition to meet the challenge. More and better information, in the form of statistical analyses, is being provided by firms that previously gave information "out of the back of their hats" or off the cuff. All of which is to the public good.

The tips and rumors still fly, as they always have and always will; the amateur traders, while sadly thinned by the deflation of the mining boom, still bite on them. But with business slowing down on the exchanges, it appears that research and service will become the general rule.

How sound Merrill's chain store theories have proved in practise is shown by statistical evidence that in 1952 the firm did nearly 10 per cent of all the board, or round lot, trading on the New York Stock exchange and 16 per cent of the odd lot trading there and earned $6,329,405 by its manifold operations.

These included the underwriting of 153 new corporate issues and over seven per cent of the trading on the commodity exchanges which range from the Winnipeg Grain Exchange to the New Orleans Cotton Exchange and the New York Cocoa Exchange.

The firm and its partners hold 98 memberships in 43 Exchanges in Canada, the United States, Britain and Cuba. Linking the branches together is the largest financial wire service in the world. Over 45,000 miles of private wires are used to handle orders, quotations and news. The 94 partners and 3,979 employees of Merrill Lynch have a lot of pride in what they have built since the "man with an idea" came back to prove it.

Herb Nott & Co.

CLIENTS watch price fluctuations on the Toronto and New York Stock Exchanges recorded on visual tape and chalked on the big curving board in the Toronto offices of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Beane.

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LAURENCE M. SAVAGE

whose election to the board of directors of The Dominion Of Canada General Insurance Company has been announced by the President, Henry S. Gooderham. Mr. Savage is President of Savage Shoes Limited, Preston, Ontario.

Gold & Dross

Marigold Oils

SOME TIME AGO *I bought 2000 shares of Marigold Oils at 1.35. I would like your opinion as to whether it has any future. Shall I take a loss or try and buy more and bring my average down?—M. G., Montreal.*

Marigold, at last report, has estimated heavy oil reserves of 6.1 million barrels in the Barrhead Field, northwest of Edmonton. Valuation of this oil at 50 cents per barrel, would give an estimated value to the 3 million shares issued of about a dollar per share.

In addition to this, the company has some small reserve positions in the Armena field from minority interests in five producing wells there.

From this, it would appear that the current market price of 70 cents is under the statistical line of value for the stock. This differential is probably due to the fact that considerable drilling will have to be done to increase production from the Barrhead field. Each well is limited to a maximum flow per year of about 7 per cent of the reserves in its area.

The market price of the stock gives recognition to this. Before earnings can increase appreciably, some heavy expenditures must be made to develop the field.

The stock seems a reasonable buy here for the long term. For the short term a recovery to about $1 seems possible.

New Devon Oil

WOULD YOU *be good enough to give me a report on New Devon Oil? I bought some of this stock at 25 cents, it climbed to 70 and now it has gone back to 38.—T. M. Y., Woodstock, Ont.*

New Devon has traced the same market pattern as the majority of the oil stocks. Now it appears to be working out a base of support near 40 cents.

On the basis of the 1.6 million barrels of reserves in the Marshall heavy oil field and the 1.4 million barrels of reserves at Leduc, valued at 50 cents and $1 per barrel, the 3,712,500 issued shares have a statistical value of about 60 cents.

While the actual market price of the stock is the only true valuation, it would appear that it is statistically undervalued at 40 cents. It would be wise to hold your stock.

Supertest Petroleum

PLEASE GIVE *me your opinion on purchasing Supertest Petroleum Corp. ordinary shares at the current price of 14, for investment and possible capital appreciation.—J. McL., Hamilton.*

The shares are an attractive investment at this price. The present dividend rate of 80 cents offers a yield of 5.8 per cent and the report of operations for 1952 shows the steady rate of improvement in earnings has been maintained.

As gasoline and fuel oils are basic items in the economy, the company would appear to possess excellent defensive characteristics in the event of a recession developing. Accumulation on price weakness is recommended.

Jasper Oil

I OWN *some shares of Jasper Oil Corporation and I would appreciate your opinion of the prospects of the company.—R. P. F., Montreal.*

The prospects of this company would appear to be about the same as those for any small company with low oil reserves and low working capital. They must take a secondary position as far as exploration and development are concerned by sharing in farm-outs from the larger companies.

On the basis of the 560,000 barrels of oil reserves and the $64,000 in working capital, the present price of 2.20 represents an overvaluation of the 703,505 shares outstanding, of almost three to one. It does not appear to be too attractive a speculation on this basis.

Britco Oil

WOULD YOU *recommend Britco Oils as a good speculation?—W. J., Ottawa.*

No. Small companies with small working capital and limited oil reserves are not considered attractive vehicles for speculation in oil. There is an old rule of speculation that still holds true — stick to the leaders. They always show the greatest percentage advance and the percentage of advance is the only objective of speculation.

Oil is a big money business and only companies with sufficient working capital to absorb the inevitable losses from dry holes and other natural hazards can win out.

Canadian Western Lumber

I OWN *100 shares of Canadian Western Lumber Ltd., bought at 6 and currently quoted at about 9. Crown Zellerbach Corporation is making an exchange offer of 1 Crown Zellerbach share for 3 Canadian Western. Do you advise me buying an additional 200 shares of the latter, at the market, and exchanging for 100 shares of Crown Zellerbach, or do you recommend selling my present Canadian Western holdings? —V. E. G., Montreal.*

Viewed from the short term, the best course of action would appear to be the sale of your present stock. The stock prices of both companies are close to their highs, and it seems doubtful that any appreciable capital gains can be made by holding them. Crown Zellerbach has recently been split by a 100 per cent stock dividend

and stock prices invariably over-discount splits and then retreat to the level from which the pre-split advance began.

In addition to these factors, the outlook for the lumber business is not too good. Exports have fallen considerably and the housing boom has passed its peak. Some sources estimate housing will enter a three or four-year downtrend.

From the long term investment view, Crown Zellerbach must be considered as a high quality investment stock. The acquisition of Canadian Western Lumber, with its lumber and paper production, will round out the company's operations and assure raw materials for them.

Crown supplies newsprint to more than 100 newspapers in the Pacific coast area. Newsprint accounted for 41.6 per cent of 1952 production, coarse papers and tissues 48.6 per cent and wallboard and pulp 9.8 per cent.

Dividends have increased from the 50 cents per share paid through 1941-6 to an indicated rate for 1953 of $1.80. At the present price of 29½, this dividend rate offers a yield of 6.1 per cent. To the Canadian shareholder, the U.S. withholding tax of 15 per cent would reduce the yield to 5.1 per cent and the dividend would not be eligible for the 20 per cent income tax credit.

As there are a number of Canadian corporations in the pulp and paper field that offer a better return, Crown Zellerbach cannot be considered a very attractive investment at this price.

Eastern Metals

I HAVE *some shares of Eastern Metals for which I paid 1.95. I would like your opinion as to whether I should hold on to this stock or let it go. It certainly is not acting like a champion these days.—L. L., Montreal.*

After the skyrocket advance from .30 to 2.45, the chart pattern of this stock shows that considerable distribution has been under way. The market action has been confined to a trading range between 1.60 and 2.00. A recovery to about 1.90 seems technically possible if sufficient news is available to help the move.

Should support fail at 1.60 the next stopping points or technical objectives are 1.40 and .80. All factors considered, the stock appears to be a sale near 2.00.

Price Brothers

COULD YOU *please advise me as to whether, in your opinion, it would be a good investment to purchase Price Brothers and Company at the present price of 28. Would you consider this a stock to hold on to for a long time (ten years or so) or just for the short term?—Miss J. W., Ottawa.*

Since 1950 Price Brothers has swung between 25 and 36 with lows each year between 26 and 27½ from 1951 to date. This action is mainly attributable to the irregular common dividend payments. With the decline in the premium on the Canadian dollar tending to offset any mild dip in earnings, the stock would appear to be a reasonable buy at the present price for a possible move to 33-34.

For the longer term, as an investment, the stock does not appear as attractive as some of the larger companies like Consolidated Paper who devote their major productive capacity to newsprint and have a more stable dividend rate.

Algoma Steel

I HAVE *some shares of Algoma Steel which cost me about 39. I would like to have your opinion as to whether this stock should be sold now or held for the long pull.—W. K. N., Westmount, Que.*

Algoma has always been one of the fast-moving trading stocks. For the short term trader, its movements have provided excellent profit opportunities on both the long and the short side of the market.

As it is not a dividend payer, the chief motive power behind the broad advance from 12⅝ to 61⅛ has been the belief that the great expansion program of the company would result in dividends.

Since the bear market in Canadian industrial stocks began with the turn from the October 1951 highs, the price has declined in a broad downtrend to 35½. This has erased more than half of the advance.

Major reversals, such as this, generally retrace from one-third to two-thirds of the previous advance. On the two-thirds basis, this would indicate an objective of 28. Maximum recovery from the present low is indicated at about 48, but supply levels at 40 and 44 will prove difficult to overcome.

From the current condition of the market, it appears that recovery beyond the 39-40 level is doubtful. Selling near 40 is advised.

In Brief

I WOULD *appreciate your comments on Boulder Hill Mines Ltd.—R. K. W., Winnipeg.*

Boulder Hill Mines became Boulder Gold Mines back in 1948 after a one for three reorganization. After surface work in 1948 the property became inactive. Present outlook: very dim.

PLEASE *give me your opinion on Landover Oils and Minerals.—J. B. S., Woodstock, Ont.*

As a buy? No.

I WOULD *appreciate your advice regarding Sil-Van Consolidated. Would you advise holding on at the present time?—Mrs. J. H., Vancouver.*

At 40 cents the stock is at a two-year low. While milling had been suspended, at last report, mining and exploration work is continuing. It is possible that the mine could get into production and it would seem to be worth the gamble to hold your stock here.

•

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W. P. S.

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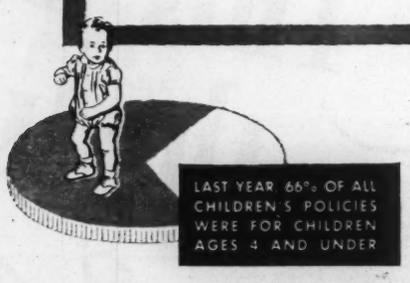

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DIVIDEND NUMBER 415

A dividend of 6c per share has been declared by the Directors on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on the 30th day of June, 1953, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 1st day of June, 1953.

DATED the 14th day of May, 1953.

P. C. FINLAY,
Secretary.

Toronto, April 22, 1953

NOTICE

is hereby given that the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company, Toronto, has been granted by the Department of Insurance, Ottawa, Certificate of Registry No. C. 1403 authorizing it to transact in Canada the business of Aircraft Insurance, excluding insurance against loss of, or damage to, an aircraft, in addition to the classes for which it is already registered.

H. DOUGLAS COO,
Manager for Canada.

Ashley & Crippen

WALTER D. HEAGLE: Cakes like mother made.

Who's Who in Business

BEFORE he was out of school, tousle-haired Walter Heagle was running a shoeshine stall in the barber's shop of a small American town. By attending to his customers before and after classes (plus 16 hours on Saturday) and by devoting odd moments to keeping the shop tidy, he was soon earning between $14 and $17 per week—a pleasantly self-sufficient sum for a teen-age schoolboy in the days before World War I.

The Walter D. Heagle of today, a thoughtful, friendly man with brown hair and a preference for neat brown suits, has often been thankful for his efforts in those early days. "Cleaning shoes, and the newspaper selling I did before that, gave me my first invaluable lesson in salesmanship," he said.

His salesmanship has made giant strides since then. He is President of the National System of Baking Limited, with headquarters in Hamilton. Three million of his firm's loaves and a variety of other products are made and distributed every year by 15 bakeries across Canada.

Mr. Heagle himself, while he may not travel as often, covers much the same territory as his firm's products in his capacity as chairman—for the third year—of the National Council of the Baking Industry. The Council's most recent achievement was persuading the baking industry, which employs more than 30,000 Canadians, to introduce enriched bread. Though this move has brought the bakers increased costs, the Council thinks that in the long run it will undoubtedly bring them the considerable goodwill that results from better health.

The National System of Baking Limited came into being in 1920, when the Heagle brothers, all six of them, took their blacksmith father's advice and went into business together. They chose baking, partly because two of them had had some experience in a grocery store but mostly because they had happy memories of their mother's cooking.

"We'd been a large family of ten and mother just had to learn to cook well," Walter recalls. "When we started our business, and in all the years since, we worked on the same principles that she found successful—always using fresh eggs and milk and the best butter available. Many of the recipes we use today were mother's originally."

For the next ten years, each of the brothers worked every day on the bench learning his trade, and Walter also squeezed in four years of evening study to qualify for membership in the American Cereal Chemists' Association; he still frequently putters about in the firm's well-equipped research laboratory.

Only one other brother, Frank, now general manager of the business, is still alive but reinforcements are on the way in the shape of the President's son, Douglas, 22, and 17-year-old daughter, Jean, both of whom will join the firm after graduation from the University of Western Ontario.

Canadian-born (in Campbellford, Ontario), 58-year-old Walter D. Heagle has chosen his own route along two well-marked paths to success. Like many another Canadian businessman, he went to the U.S. (where in World War I he served in the Submarine Service) and also like many another young man, he went West—to Calgary, where the present business was founded. Both times he returned to Ontario, and now lives in a 14-room brick house on the Lakeshore, outside Hamilton.

During World War II, he was adviser to the Prices and Trade Board on the baking industry and since the war ended has usually managed to get three games of golf (he goes around in about 90) per week at the Burlington Golf Club.

JOHN WILCOCK

Bonds

U.S. Incomes Have a Tax Advantage

ONE GENERALLY unappreciated, or unknown, fact about Income Railroad Bonds, is their tax advantage. Many of these bonds are traded "flat." That is, purchasers pay no accrued interest, this theoretically being included in the price of the bond. In most cases (and this is especially interesting to people in high income tax brackets), a tax advantage may be obtained by selling bonds prior to the ex-interest date.

Railroad earnings made a good showing in 1952. Despite the steel strike and the resulting six per cent drop in carloadings, net operating income of America's Class 1 railroads increased 14½ per cent. Individual roads continue to make marked reductions in operating costs, aided by greater use of diesel power, replacements of old freight cars and mechanization of roadway maintenance, to mention a few of the economies. The time seems to be approaching however, when capital needs will diminish while the cumulative effect of operating economies should ensure a greater degree of earning stability than the industry has experienced in recent years.

One of the surest ways of making a profitable investment is to buy hidden values and wait until the market discovers them. At the present time, the most obvious case of hidden values is in the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad securities as a whole. Here the values are camouflaged by an array of distorted earnings.

The investing public reads that the 1952 earnings were $2.92 per share, as reported in the financial press. Actual earnings in 1952 were $9.74, and about $12 might have resulted had there been no steel strikes. Currently the $4 preferred is selling at $46, and the stock earned $46.39 in 1952 before funds.

Baltimore & Ohio has a big sinking fund based on earnings after income interest and on preferred and common dividends paid. In 1952, these two funds combined took 3.23 per cent of gross revenues and Federal Income Taxes took another 2.61 per cent, so the company actually retained, for stockholders' use, only 1.3 per cent of gross revenues.

Opportunities for capital gain are often best where one is willing to anticipate, well in advance, the ultimate attainment of an improved status for shareholders. For those who are more conservatively minded, the various income and fixed interest bond issues of the railroads, which are still available at substantial discounts, appear interesting for both income and appreciation potential.

As a result of the Adjustment Plan, dated September 20, 1944, B and O bond maturities are well spaced. On some bonds part of the interest is fixed and part is contingent on earnings, with the 4½s, 2010 entirely contingent, but fully cumulative. Full interest payment is always mandatory if earned, and has been fully paid since 1942, each May 1. These bonds are traded flat and are among the more actively trade issues. All of the company's obligations appear to be in a gradually improving position. In the period December 31, 1951 to December 31, 1952 the principal amount of outstanding system bonds was reduced some $160 million, saving in interest on an annual basis being $7 million.

The 1949 debt adjustment of Central Railroad of New Jersey was not severe, the company having adequate finances despite sizeable cash payments to bondholders. The General Mortgage 3¼s, 1987, are an interesting issue; besides offering an attractive current yield of around six per cent, they offer capital appreciation possibilities.

In the capitalization, the $48.7 million of 3¼s, 1987, are preceded (for sinking fund purposes) by $2.5 million of non-interest bearing certificates. These certificates came from the reorganization of the "Jersey Central" in 1949, and were originally outstanding in the amount of $10,740,000. However, due to a heavy sinking fund, the certificates have been reduced to $2.5 million, and it is expected that all of them will be completely retired some time during the middle of this year. At that time, the 3¼s, 1987 will become the ranking security, and increasing market recognition should be given to this development.

This expectation is based particularly on the fact that the sinking fund provision calling for the setting aside of 50 per cent of net income, which now only applies to the certificates, will then apply directly to the 3¼s. This factor does not appear to have been given full recognition in the market thus far, but the steady retirement of the certificates is bound to be reflected eventually in these general mortgage bonds.

The New York Central system op-

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erates over 10,700 miles of main track, serving the northern and eastern portions of the United States and extending into the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec.

It is apparent that Central has begun to reap the benefits of its capital improvement program. As the road becomes more fully dieselized, operating economies should continue to mount. Thus, with only 55 per cent of the diesel program completed to date, Central could do relatively better than those roads that are now fully dieselized.

The new management of the New York Central Railroad is aggressive and profit-minded. The sleeping giant has stirred, and if he can be wakened, the rewards will be rich. The fixed interest 5s due 2013 issued 1918, selling about 20 per cent below par, are recommended for purchase. Dome Mines have shown $100,000 (cost $98,000) of these bonds on their balance sheet for many years. Bonds sold over par in 1937 when stock earned 99c. Earnings last year showed $3.83 and $4.95 on a consolidated basis. The recent "North South" decision award, when made final, will add about $7 million a year or $1.09 per share before Federal Income Taxes.

Most railroads are today on sound financial tracks. Opportunities exist for the alert investor.

WILLIAM K. MURRAY

He's changing the nation's landscape

You may see the result of what he is doing in the city's changing skyline — or out where the corn grows tall . . . in the mushrooming suburbs — or in the new look of Main Street in a mellow old town.

Where many a vacant lot once stood, he helps fill it with a fine new school. Where you used to see a building that was an eyesore you may now see a new apartment house, store or post office that he played a role in providing.

Thanks in part to him, many houses rise here and there, or row on row, in community after community. New black ribbons of asphalt tie town to town. Somewhere, a new bridge is built.

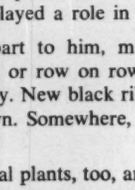
New industrial plants, too, are sometimes the by-products of his helping hand. Perhaps one of them has provided you with a job.

And do you see those great steel towers that parade across the rolling farmlands, bearing power-laden wires in their outstretched arms? They may be monuments to this same man.

Who is he?

He represents all the millions of life insurance policyholders in Canada. And it's money from their premiums, which life insurance companies invest for them, that makes possible many such improvements as these throughout the nation.

So, if you are a life insurance policyholder building security for your family and yourself, you're also helping to build a better Canada!



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Death On The Road

IN AT LEAST one branch of human endeavor, records are broken almost every year. Highway casualties, with their attendant hospital bills, insurance settlements and, all too often, morticians' fees, are Big Business—but one in which everybody would like to see a recession.

A pioneer in the campaign for safer driving has been The Travelers Insurance Company, of Hartford, Connecticut, the 19th edition of whose witty highway safety booklet is currently being handed out by the company's representatives.

Besides the apt cartoons by Robert Osborn, which illustrate the mass of statistics, the booklet has 32 pages of reading. "A comparison of last year's bitter experience with the 1951 totals", it comments unhappily, "shows that we lost ground in the fight for lives in traffic. Moreover, 1952 was the third consecutive year of increase in the death toll".

During last year 37,600 men, women and children were killed in the United States, which means that somewhere in the country there was a traffic death virtually every hour and a quarter. (Comparable figures are not available for Canada.)

The causes of these fatal accidents can be subdivided in various ways, from those in which an automobile was the motive factor (39.8 per cent —by far the largest group) to the just over one per cent in which a cyclist could be blamed.

But death itself, the deepest measure of tragedy, spells out only part of the story. For the first year in history, the accident figures in the U.S. soared past the 2-million mark—2 million people whose faces were cut, whose arms or legs were broken or who suffered in some degree because of somebody's carelessness, other than their own.

Here again the figures can be broken down: 144,760 people were injured because a car was on the wrong side of the road, 25,480 got hurt by trying to cross the road against the signals, more than 6,000 were hit getting on or off another vehicle. Well over half a million people sustained injuries because drivers exceeded the speed limit.

The booklet is peppered with stories (and illustrations) of complacent drivers. "Most accidents last year," the authors comment, "happened to cars in what is generally considered a safe position: going straight . . . a safe direction of travel if you are driving attentively and at a reasonable speed. But if a straight road lulls you into a careless attitude and extravagant speed, you are going straight into danger".

So with its stories, its statistics and its sound common sense, the Travelers' booklet (obtainable on request from the company's Hartford, Conn., headquarters) can, on page 30, reach this conclusion: "Your life and the lives of your family and your fellowmen depend on you".

"Who me?" asks a cartoon figure on the adjoining page. And the back page gives the answer—"Yes, YOU".

J. W.

MRS. FRED J. HUME, *wife of the Mayor of Vancouver, in her Abbey gown, blush pink shading to white, jewel encrusted, with frothy tulle skirt, by Guipure.*

Eric Skipsey

Women

Capital Press

MRS. GEORGE DREW, *wife of the Opposition Leader in her Abbey gown, a Norman Hartnell model of silver blue satin with allover design of opalescent sequins.*

Conversation Pieces:

FROM NOW until June 2, the Coronation has top priority in most conversations. As a Piccadilly theatre ticket agent put it: "Her Majesty is going to play to a packed house, and everyone has a piece of the show."

The Queen herself has had to practise long hours, learning how to balance the Imperial crown. She walks out of the Abbey with it on her head, has to get into the State coach, and then has to nod and wave to the crowd during the two-mile-long drive back to the Palace—and keep the crown in place.

Coronation Balls are the social highlights. Many have already been held. Canadians abroad will be able to attend the 21st Maple Leaf Ball at London's Savoy Hotel, June 11. In New York, the Commonwealth Consuls-General are sponsoring a great Coronation Ball (some 4,000 are expected) at the Waldorf-Astoria, June 5.

On May 30, Saint John, NB, will combine its 170th anniversary celebrations with a formal Coronation Ball, sponsored by the Municipal IODE Chapter (under its Regent, Mrs. G. F. London) and the NB Scottish Regiment. Coronation Eve will see the Vancouver debs making their debut at the annual Military Ball. On Coronation Day itself, Ottawa will fire a 42-gun salute, instead of the usual 21. This is in recognition of the Queen's status as Queen of Canada—which makes Ottawa just as much her capital as London. That evening Ottawa will celebrate with an official Ball, with the Governor-General present.

Two Vancouverites will see the Queen in surroundings different from the London festivities. Mrs. Thomas Bingham and Mary Tait will attend the Royal garden party in Edinburgh's Palace of Holyrood House, June 24, and a couple of days later, with their clan tartans over their evening gowns, they will be guests at the Coronation Highland Ball. Mrs. Bingham is organizer and teacher of the Scottish Country Dance Society of BC.

Musically, the Coronation has inspired a number of original works. The CBC is presenting ten Canadian compositions on the theme. Only woman composer included is Jean Coulthard, of Vancouver, who has written a work for string orchestra. Nine Canadian singers will be in the 400-voice Abbey Choir, under Dr. William McKee, Westminster Abbey organist. Five are women and include: sopranos Clare Duchesneau and Simone Flibotte, both of Montreal; Dorothy Allen, of Sackville, NB; Mary McCallum, of Vancouver; and contralto Jean Watson, of Toronto.

Coronation art had the help of two English women. Illustrator Joan Hassall designed the invitation cards for admittance to the Abbey; Canada's maple leaf appears on them, along with other emblematic Commonwealth flowers. And 27-year-old Jean Robinson was the only woman among ten artists to create the 16-foot Commonwealth emblems that are adorning Parliament Square for Coronation.

And for a description of our young Queen herself, Coty's cosmetic house has released the following facts about Her Majesty: "A transparently clear white skin with naturally pink cheeks, deep violet-blue eyes, medium brown hair with golden glints." They go on to say that the Queen wears very little make-up: "face powder and a faint hint of rouge in the evening, soft rosy-red lipstick both day and night."

Canadian Abbey Guests In Their Coronation Gowns

Capital Press

MRS. ROSS MACDONALD, *wife of the Speaker of the House, reversing tradition by wearing her daughter's wedding dress of white brocaded satin.*

MRS. A. C. CASSELMAN, *wife of the MP for Grenville-Dundas and daughter of the Hon. Earl Rowe, in Balenciaga model of oyster heavy satin.*

Capital Press

MRS. R. S. MORRIS, *of Toronto, in aquamarine chiffon and satin; her husband will represent the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada.*

Ashley and Crippen

MRS. CYRIL JAMES, *in white satin interwoven with silver thread; her husband, Principal of McGill, will represent the University.*

Nakash

MRS. HUGH ALLWARD, *of Toronto, in ice blue taffeta, will represent the National IODE at the Coronation.*

Gerald Campbell, of Ashley and Crippen

• •

The Crowning Touch

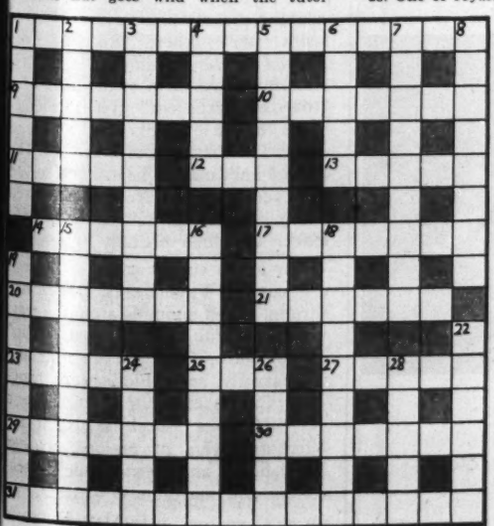
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. Prayerful plea, unheard between 1901 and 1952. (3,4,3,5)
9. What one should have and do for a clear pen portrait. (7)
10. Like the Duchess of Kent's profile. (7)
11. Though musical, very, the ass ain't showing it. (5)
12. Though it doesn't sound well, it is so. (3)
13. If he's picked a good lot, he won't have to peer through the crowd at the coronation. (5)
14. Sort of mess an R.A. gets into when he paints. (6)
17. For a current appearance the peers must be around at any time before noon. (7)
20. Train as a skilled worker. (7)
21. Otherwise, "Cheerio"! I am going, going, going, going. (2-4)
23. His circumstantial notes were not without pomp. (5)
25. And Tucker should certainly have had one at supper. (3)
27. A backward glance at the Turkish Empire will reveal a characteristic phrase. (5)
29. A midsummer night's 6. (7)
30. Each nut goes wild when the tutor does. (7)
31. It takes a reign-check to occupy this. (10, 5)

DOWN

1. Strum the gut when taking the air? (6)
2. Put up, colloquially, when fighting off attacks by one's peers, perhaps. (5)
3. Coronation dollar imports? (9)
4. To a Moslem, bile's the very devil! (5)
5. Elizabethan throne 1927? (9)
6. Elizabeth is both this and 22, but her 22 is this 22. (5)
7. Scottish delegate to the coronation? (9)
8. Did Lear write this Book with a negative feeling? (8)
15. Arm! I got it! Around here he's needed. (9)
16. Beach (s)wear? (It may blow off). (4-5)
18. Cut me in, pa, if you're tired. (9)
19. At first there'll be a jam going up to see this aspect of the coronation. (8)
22. See 6. (6)
24. But this heated argument won't cause a walk-out. (3-2)
26. What's in a name? Ay, there's the rub! No? (5)
28. One of royalty's overhead expenses. (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Across the board
8. Concrete
9. and 15. Queen's Plate
10. Lets up
11. Privates
13. Leap year
16. Excuse
18. Bedaub
20. Outstrip
22. Race week
24. Onsets
27. Nimrod
29. National
30. Down the stretch

DOWN

1. Arose
2. Races
3. Steeple
4. The Sport of Kings
5. Esquire
6. One
7. Range
12. Ascot
14. Ewe
15. See 9
17. Ski
19. Breadth
21. Trotter
23. Amigo
25. Stout
26. Teach
28. Ran

(263)

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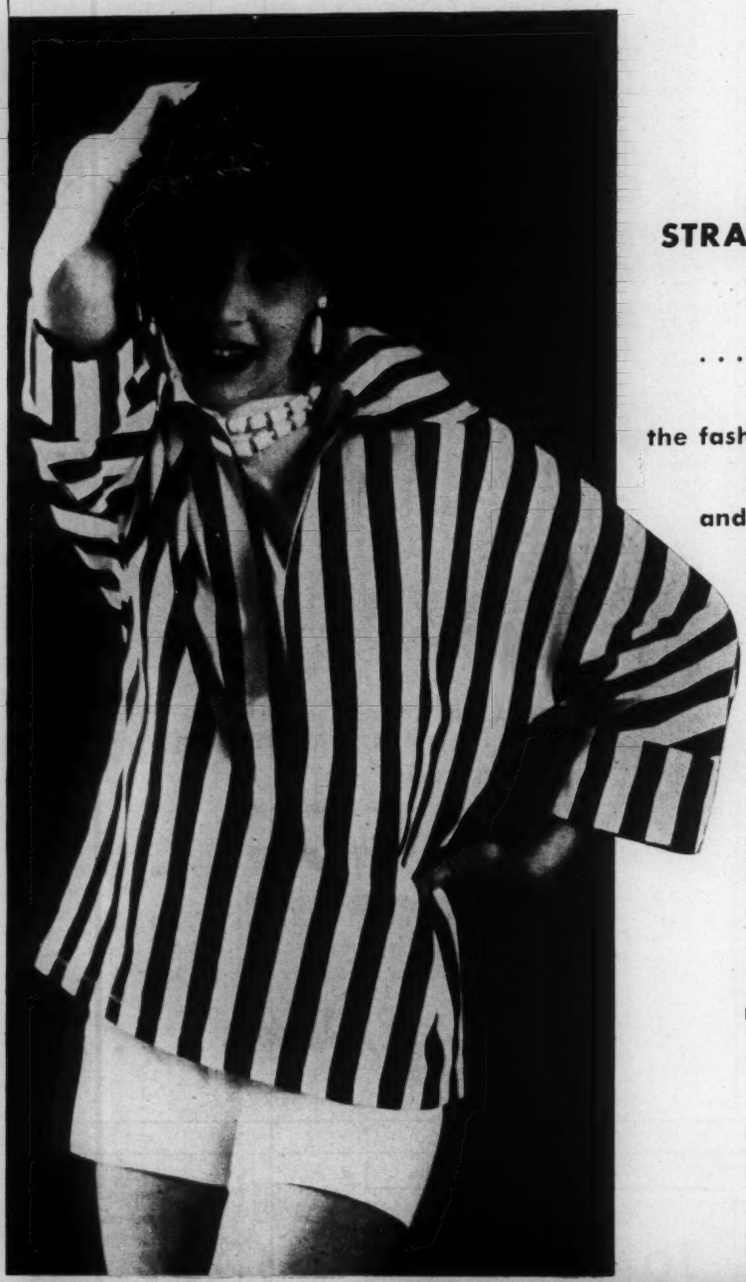

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Food

PEOPLE who come across them for the first time are always surprised to learn that "Fiddleheads" are greens and not fish.

The first Fiddleheads I remember grew on the islands in the Restigouche River, dividing New Brunswick from Quebec, and it was always my firm belief that they were discovered personally by Louis, an Indian guide. Each spring when bits of green popped up near the island's edge, Louis would hover over them. "Look!" he'd exclaim "Fiddleheads: like the head of fiddle!" Then he'd keep watch until they were *just* right: 2 or 3 inches high and before the tightly-curled fronds start to unwind and become a fern. In cold weather this growth takes almost a week.

Malacite Indians used to pick them along the Saint John River. Later the Loyalist settlers became very fond of them. Today the S. G. Rankin Company, of Campbelton, is canning them at Flatlands, N.B. As a result, people in many parts of Canada, the United States, Mexico, Bermuda and even Hong Kong and Copenhagen are "discovering" them. There is never anything lukewarm about your relationship with a Fiddlehead; either you leave them severely alone or become devoted to them.

Fiddleheads are almost a trade mark in New Brunswick. In Fredericton there is a literary group which calls itself "The Fiddlehead Club." The Arts Guild of New Brunswick chose the Fiddlehead to appear on all fine pottery and handicrafts. The design is by Violet Gillett.

A few years ago, the Rankins, as an experiment, had a firm of canners do a few hundred tins of Fiddleheads. Miss Gillett, in her Andover studio, painted Fiddleheads on linen guest towels, wrapped them around cans of the greens and sent them out to handicraft shops. There were so many letters from tourists wanting more that M. E. Betts, a prominent business man and Mrs. Rankin's father, decided to back the building of the canning plant.

Now, spring tourists driving through the once sleepy village of Flatlands, pause to watch canoes and boats plying to and from the islands, carrying pickers one way and Fiddleheads the other. Recently the *Journal of the Canadian Dietetic Association* listed them at the head of a group of "excellent" greens. Fiddleheads taste a little like asparagus and a little like the heart of artichoke. The canned ones may be heated and served as a vegetable; the fresh ones stewed gently in boiling, salted water until tender and then liberally buttered.

For a late supper snack, arrange a dish each of Fiddleheads, broiled raw shrimp, salted almonds around a tray, with a favorite highly seasoned "dip" in the centre. Or if you are entertaining casually, serve Fiddleheads (hot) with Crabmeat Sauté. To make a very delicious 3-deck sandwich use alternate layers of drained, mashed Fiddleheads and lobster, adding seasoning and mayonnaise to taste.

LILLIAN ENGLAND

Lighter Side

Hansard Visualized

FOR THREE DOLLARS a session, you can have *Hansard* delivered to your door. The subscription list is relatively small, however, and there are probably few cover-to-cover readers.

This is easily understandable. *Hansard* comes in the standard Government format and is closely printed in small type in double columns. There are no jokes, quizzes, anecdotes, illustrations or cross-word puzzles, and it carries no advertising. The dialogue, when it occurs, is usually terrible. In fact, it is hard to imagine a publication better fitted than *Hansard* to make the average reader recoil. It is austerely dedicated to the archives.

Hansard, of course, isn't there to entertain, its primary business being to keep the nation's Parliamentary records in order. Obviously, we need some livelier medium if we are to be kept interested in the doings in the Capital, and this brings up the question: why not a television program of the House of Commons in session?

Such a program would inform us about a great many things neglected by the busy press. It would tell us, for instance, whether our particular Parliamentary representative was in his seat, attending to the nation's business, or off somewhere attending to his own. At present, we have to depend for the information on the division record as reported in *Hansard*. (But who reads *Hansard*?) The records indicated, for example, that only 102 of 237 sitting members were on hand when a motion was made to increase old age pensions. Would the 135 non-sitting members have absented themselves so lightheartedly if they had known that their empty seats were being indignantly scrutinized by old-age pensioners and outraged taxpayers in front of their television sets, all across the country?

Under untelevised conditions our political representatives, once elected, can, if they choose, disappear into a happy limbo from which they hardly need to emerge until the next election comes around. *Hansard* may ignore them, but they can afford to ignore *Hansard*. Television could change all that by publicly picking out the empty seats and pointing the moral that a career in politics, like success in the literary life, comes from strict application of the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair.

There would probably be a noticeable improvement in both Parliamentary behavior and public debate under televised conditions. "If the Honorable Member (Minister Gardiner) would stop dangling his leg maybe we'd get down to business," Tommy Douglas said irritably on one occasion during a debate in the House. How would that sound over the air? How would it *look*, especially if the camera swung round to show both Mr. Douglas and Mr. Gardiner dangling their legs?

Here is another spirited, and fairly typical passage:

Mr. Drew: Let him (Mr. Howe) recall the passenger planes which were flying at that time and which were blazing the trail for the great air developments which have taken place in this country.

Mr. Howe: Nuts.

If we are to have televised Parliamentary programs it seems clear that our legislators will need help from the script-writers. Mr. Howe is not a gifted ad-libber; and, except when he takes off for a flight of oratory, neither is Mr. Drew. As for the general level of wit rising from the floor of the House, very little of it would pass muster even in a Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis comedy. Any variation on the formula, "Have you stopped beating your wife?" appears to be acceptable, and in *Hansard* is followed by laughter (in brackets). There is no straining after originality. The Horses-on-the-Payroll kept the country's cartoonists in fresh material for weeks; but about all it drew from the floor of the House was an assortment of neighs and whinnies. If our Members of Parliament are to go before the country on a television hookup, they will have to do better than that.

They could, of course, employ paid gag writers who would sprinkle appropriate wisecracks through the indicated lines of debate. This, however, would involve special hazards of professional timing and delivery, and it is doubtful if our legislators would be up to it. Even if they succeeded, there is the possibility that the Sponsor (in this case the electorate) would come down heavily, demanding to know why a debate on the National Labor Code had been turned into a Bob Hope program. On the whole, it might be better for the legislators to abandon repartee, both home-grown and imported; if, to improve on Mr. Douglas, they stopped dangling their wits and got down to business. We would then have *Hansard* visualized, this time with every member in his seat, and the nation's business going forward briskly, unimpeded by persiflage.

It would be a sober and edifying spectacle. The people watching the Government and the Government watching Democracy.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

June In January

MUSKOKA RESIDENCE

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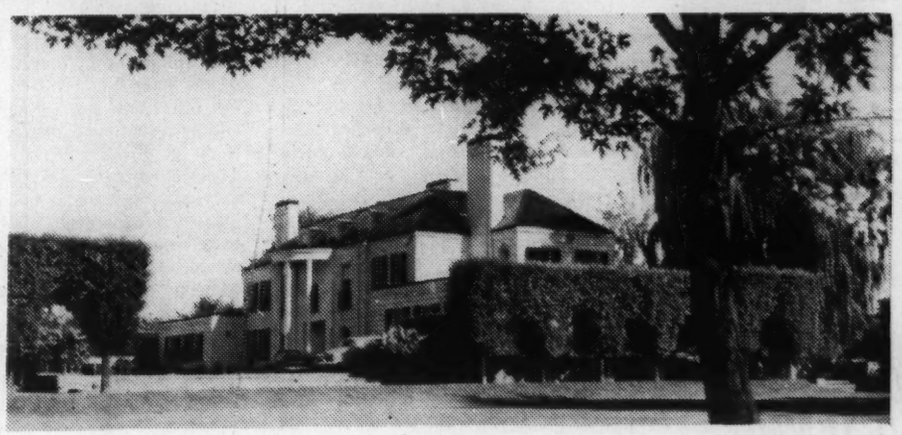

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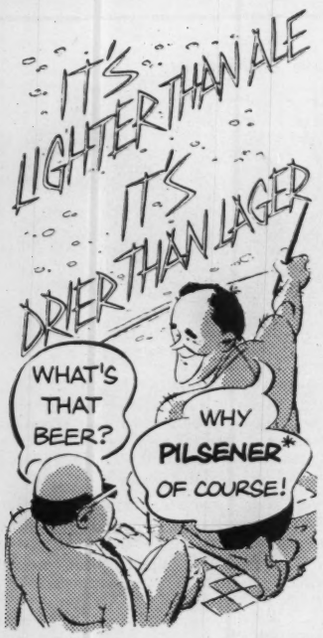

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The Backward Glance

22 Years Ago This Week In Saturday Night

THE ISSUE of SATURDAY NIGHT for May 30, 1931, had on its front page the photograph of a memorial to the victims of the *Titanic* disaster, and another photograph of a man we first thought to be the present Governor-General of Canada, Vincent Massey. It was actually Lord Irwin, Viceroy of India, but the facial resemblance is striking.

The Front Page discussed the Importance of The Coming Census, Trials of a Canadian Diplomat (the Hon. Herbert Marler talked about Japanese ceremonies), The Planning of Cremation Facilities in Toronto, Unique Nova Scotia Touring Plan (in which such liners as the *Berengaria, Mauritania, Aquitania, Paris* and *France* were to make side-line trips between New York and Halifax, and the *Belgenland* was to make frequent "Showboat Cruises" there, carrying a regular Broadway show). Times were tough that year for Atlantic passenger liners, and frequently they made the ocean trip carrying only enough passengers to fill the Captain's table. Without mail franchises, many of them would have had to be laid up.

Under Mary Lowrey Ross's Film Parade was a Film Guide with these memorable old flickers listed: *City Lights,* with Charlie Chaplin; *The Front Page,* starring Adolphe Menjou; *Tarnished Lady,* with that still-untarnished star, Tallulah Bankhead; *Skippy,* starring children "who are almost human"; *The Millionaire,* with that old fraud, George Arliss; *Strangers May Kiss,* with Norma Shearer, Neil Hamilton and Robert Montgomery; and *The Bad Sister* with Conrad Nagel and Sidney Fox. We remember Conrad Nagel as sporting the most beautiful false teeth of anybody in the movies, but we'd completely forgotten Neil Hamilton (who was pretty easy to forget, at that), and we don't know now whether Sidney Fox was male, female or neuter.

The prices quoted in those depression-year issues of SATURDAY NIGHT make us want to pass them on to you, so that you may gloat over them or curse the prices of the present. For instance, you could take a 12-day vacation to Bermuda for $165, or an 8-day Saguenay Trip for $110, all expenses included. Church's English Shoes (men's two-toned model) only cost $12.50 a pair, and Mercury socks were advertised as low as 50c a pair. (Anybody who paid more than a dollar a pair for socks in those days was a fop.) An Auburn 5-passenger sedan could be had for $1475 (a baby-buggy trade-in and five bucks a month) and a square-built, but snappy, Durant sedan retailed at $1120, fob Leaside, Ont.

Two books are reviewed under The Bookshelf, *The Road Back,* by Erich Maria Remarque, and *Freud And His Time,* by Fritz Wittels. We remember reading *The Road Back* many years ago, but the only incident we can recollect is one that featured an obese inn-keeper who liked choir music. Freud used to be the *dernier cri* in psycho-analytical thought, and it was only necessary at one time to be able to briefly quote Freud, Jung and Adler to take one's place in the pseudo-scientific gab-fests that revolved around a $1.50 gallon of native wine in somebody's hall-floor "studio". Now, Freud, like Marx, Mill, Dos Passos and Lawrence, are old hat, their theories and messages disproved or deplored, their props shaky—or so we're told.

Froth Blower, a brown three-year-old, had just won the 72nd running of the King's Plate. He was ridden by a Toronto boy, Frankie Mann, and he raced under the colors of Mr. R. W. R. Cowie of Weston, Ontario. The United States had given Canada its usual plastering in the Davis Cup tennis tournaments; the winning team included Frank Shields, Sidney Wood, Cliff Sutter and Gregory Mangin. Canada was represented by Dr. Jack Wright, Marcel Rainville, Gilbert Nunns and Walter Martin. A Philadelphia lady had just commissioned a 427-foot yacht (wow!) which was almost a hundred feet longer than J. P. Morgan's, but several inches shorter than the *Queen Mary.* There is a photograph of Bob Pierce, the Australian sculler, training for the Diamond Sculls. This was before Mr. Pierce became a citizen of Hamilton, Ontario, although why anybody would give up Australia to live in Hamilton is beyond our understanding.

Women's fashions weren't too different in 1931 from those of today, although the fashion drawings were as bosomless as a John Held Jr. flapper. As a matter of fact, the models in the photographs were about as mammalian as garter snakes, and about as sexy. Somebody ought to raise a monument to the man (or maybe it was a smart young woman) who brought feminine contours back to civilization. We feel sure that the drinking of bathtub gin can be traced directly to the shapes of the females of the lost generation. They didn't know just how lost they were!

THE Social World reported the Toronto visit of the Governor-General, the Earl of Bessborough. He may not have left much of an imprint on Canada (as Alexander did), but he certainly looked like a Governor-General, especially in a top hat. There were an awful lot of Colonels in the society news in those days. The ones from the First World War hadn't died off yet, and the future ones of the Second World War were still dancing the Black Bottom and listening raptly to Russ Columbo, Bing Crosby and Art Jarret (the first Mr. Eleanor Holm). The World War II colonels never seem to hit the society news at all (and no wonder, two or three of them are on the staff of this magazine).

The lead story in the Financial Section was "Exports and Employment," in which it was stated that only 13 per cent of British wages were paid to workers in the exporting trades. Another feature by John Collingwood Reade dealt with tariffs, and suggested that these economic iron curtains were a useful instrument when handled intelligently, but liable to become a boomerang through indiscriminate application. 1931 was the year of the Big Optimism, and businessmen and financial soothsayers were all talking about the worst of the Depression being over.

You'll remember song lyrics like, "Just around the corner there's a rainbow in the sky—so let's have another cup of cawfee, and let's have another piece of pie." Herbert Hoover, the President encased in a stiff shirt, was declaiming the great American dream of "a chicken in every pot, and a car in every garage," and the slogan was, "Prosperity Is Just Around The Corner!" Then along came dark 1932 and pitch-black 1933, and the slogans were forgotten, and Bing Crosby sang the most pessimistic of songs, "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"

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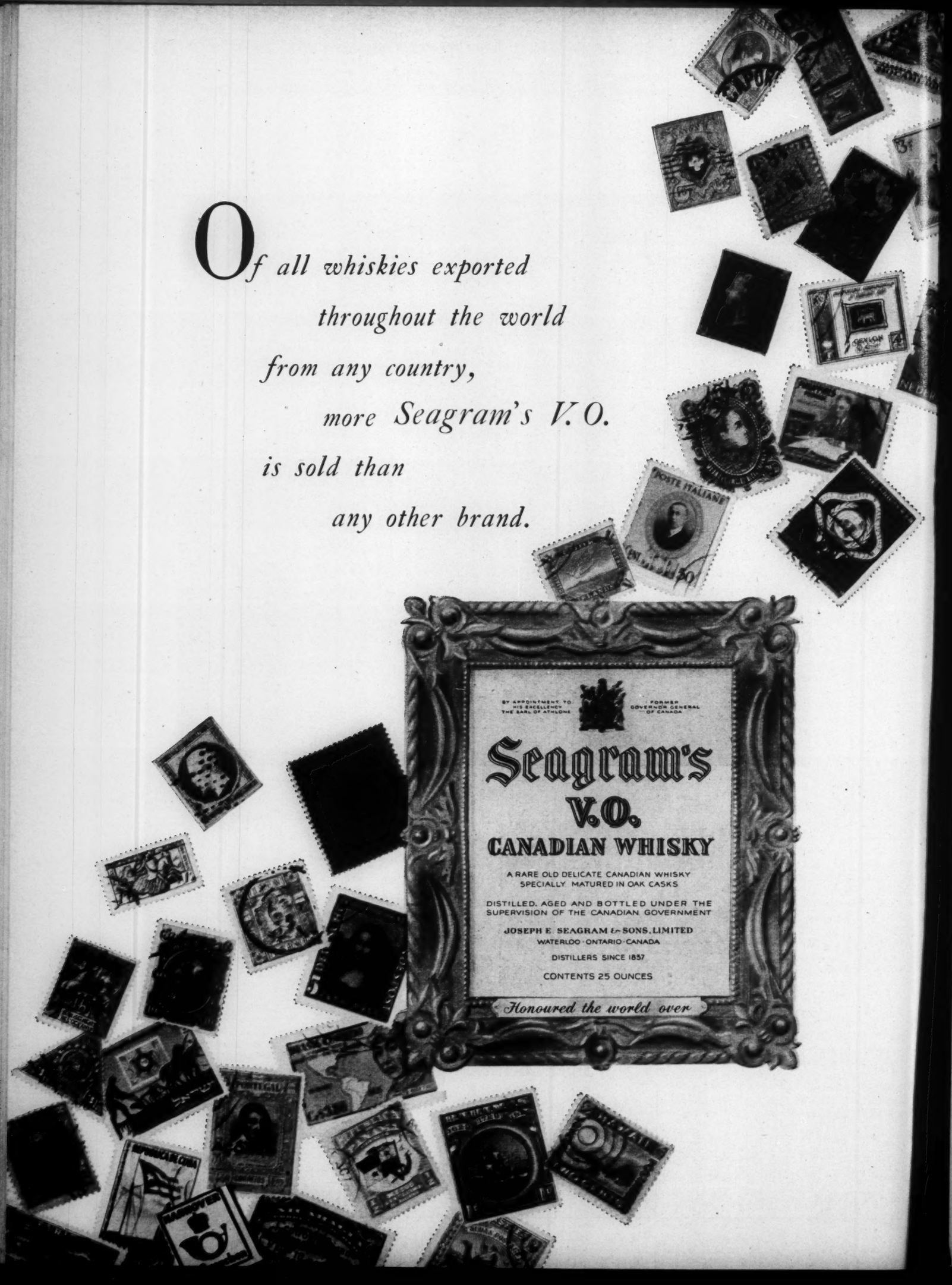
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